THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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YOU DID NOT COME.

The sun was gliding down the western sky,
  The hours of day had almost reached their sum:
Who kept the tryst that was appointed? I!
  You did not come!

I sat and watched the evening's closing ray;
  The sunset woods were desolate and dumb:
I waited till the last faint streak of day.
  You did not come!

'Twas but to give me back a flower or two—
  A ring—my letters, foolish, doubtless, some—
Mere trifles! Yet I thought not so; and you—
  You did not come!

The moonlight rose and spread its silver flood;
  I heard the death-moth round the night-shade hum;
A chilly loneness froze my fevered blood:—
  You did not come!

'Twas at the call of war that forth you went,
  With blaze of trumpet and with beat of drum;
Your parting passed without a farewell sent—
  You did not come!

One word upon a scrap of paper writ—
  Of pitying comfort but a single crumb:
It was not much, you might have spared me it!
  You did not come!

And so until the end of all arrives,
  I wander far apart—my heart is numb.
Severed for aye the courses of our lives!
  You did not come!

Life cannot be what it has been before—
  The hours of joy have reached, alas! their sum:
The tryst you kept not can return no more—
  You cannot come!

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR,

Trying the World.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," "CLAUDIA," &c.

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I waited in nervous anticipation for Philip. One evening he dropped in upon us to the surprise of Mr. St. John. I had asked him to keep my secret, and he did it excellently. There was a momentary confusion in welcoming him, and then Miss Keith was introduced. She was pale as a lily and kept in the shade of Mrs. Lawrence's flowing robes, but the hand she extended trembled visibly to watchful eyes.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," Philip exclaimed, "Miss Keith and I are old friends."

"I did not know that," and St. John looked puzzled.

"We met last summer at Sulphur Springs." Then he paused and turned away as if moved by a sudden consciousness. She was silent too, and presently went to the table and took up a book she had been reading.

I did not design to have him remain long in doubt, but nothing ever happens as one plans it. Mr. St. John kept him engrossed the whole evening. I could absolutely have cried with vexation.

But I came down early the next morning and found him in the library. The happy face was grave and clouded, but he smiled at my entrance. A few common places passed between us.

"You don't look as if you had been very deeply troubled," he began. "If it would not sound like flattery I should feel tempted to tell you what I think."

I held up my hands deprecatingly, and said—

"I have found beauty a rather perilous dower."

"So soon?"

"Don't laugh at me. Be kind and tender and impartial, and help me to decide whether I have committed a great crime or not. For I do need a friend."

"My best is at your service, as you well know."

I told him the story of Hugh Graham's ill fated passion, and could hardly repress my delight at the interest he displayed, all the deeper for another woman's sake, yet I had no selfish feeling about it. And then I spoke of Mr. St. John's comments.

"I do not see where you were to blame," he said with sweet seriousness. But I am sorry you and St. John disagree. Since you cannot help being beautiful, I suppose we must pity your misfortunes. And it *has* been productive of some good, for it will save two people from an ill-assorted loveless marriage, and give to another—Sydnie, I must tell you—I met Ellen Keith and loved her unwittingly. If I had known *all* then I might have spoken, but I believed I had no right. To hear that she is free—free," and he lingered softly over the word. "Yet how cold and shy she was last night."

"She would not flaunt her love in any man's face," I said warmly.

"No. She is purity and delicacy itself. And heroic too. Last summer she put away the tempting cup with firm hand. God only could know the anguish of her soul. It shall be repaid a thousand fold. So you see I cannot blame you."

The others were in the hall, and we went to breakfast. Ellen was pale as if she had scarcely slept. Mr. St. John remarked it.

"You are losing your roses," he said with kindly solicitude. "As the morning promises to be fine I think we must have a brisk canter over the hills. You will not mind the cold?"

Her eyes brightened at that.

"It will be different from the lazy rides we used to have when you were in New York," Philip said to me. "I second the proposal with all my heart."

We waited until the sun was making rapid strides in the blue arch overhead. It was a really delightful winter day with a crisp but not unpleasant air. Mr. St. John tacitly gave Philip his choice of a companion, and I fell to his share.

We had some odd, sharp skirmishing. I was in a splendid humor, too happy to be irritated by anything he could say. And somewhere on the road Ellen found her roses.

I fancied that Mr. St. John suspected Philip's penchant. They were left a good deal to themselves the remainder of the day and evening. Ellen ran into my room the last thing at night, blushing and happy, yet timid as a fawn.

"And so the prince won the princess," I exclaimed laughingly.

"Oh, Sydnie! Did you guess?" and the sweet face was pressed against mine.

"At Christmas, darling. Philip had unwittingly betrayed his part of the secret before. And since I had made one miserable, I longed to bring the other to happiness. Don't blush so pitifully, little white daisy, and keep my secret from Philip until your wedding-day."

"I wonder if it is wrong to be so happy?"

"Wrong, child? What are you dreaming of? When God brings the love of a brave, sweet, generous heart to you, would it not be ungrateful to mope and sadden over it? I love Philip so well that I shall be jealous if you don't give him every atom of your soul."

"Poor Hugh." She uttered the words with a soft sigh.

"Hugh isn't to be compared to Philip. I'm glad some one has come out right, for I began to fancy the world was in quite a jumble, every man and woman going the wrong way. What shall I wish for you, sweet?"

"You have given me everything. Do you know I never blamed Hugh for loving you? I could not help it myself. And Philip says—"

"No treason from Philip. I'm glad you are not jealous and love to hear his praises. Mamma Westervelt dotes on him. Now to bed lest your castle disappears."

She kissed me and went away. Hitherto I had lived much within myself, but now that I had admitted guests and given a feast, my sympathies widened and joy became a tangible thing.

How very happy they would be! She would suit Philip so perfectly, and his great manful soul would give her a worship that but few women ever gain. I thought of Laura and her golden fetters, a mockery on marriage. Henceforward I should have some faith.

Ellen had arranged to return to Mont Argyle on the following morning. Mr. St. John was to accompany her, and he extended an invitation to Philip, who was to go on to Washington afterward.

"I've hardly been civil to you," he said as we stood waiting in the reception-room for Ellen to come down. "I have left a host of things yet unsaid. Are you working out your own life problem satisfactorily?"

"Pray, do not demand too much of me," I said gayly. "I have been studying ball-room philosophy."

"You have a brain for better things."

"Does it matter much? One day follows another in purposeless confusion, and thus they go."

"Pursuing shadows. Will you recognize the great truths of life when you come to them? For if you passed them by and took the shadows, you would make an irremediable wreck."

"Do you see that in my face? Are we not sufficiently friends for you to redeem your promise?"

He thought a moment, giving me a peculiar, scrutinizing glance.

"Yes," he rejoined, "and if I vex, you must be merciful and forgive. You have a strong, sweet, but haughty nature, intolerant of restraint, impatient, singularly reserved at times. Many people go through life scarcely taking an impression because all feelings are so easily effaced. It will not be so with you. You have an ardent temperament, tropical fire and passion in your veins, but you are proud to the last degree, and would endure what might kill another woman. With your affluent nature and manifold charms there will be much temptation to use your power, but oh, be careful. When you love—"

"What then?" for he made a long pause.

"I could almost pity the man you will love. You haven't much faith—you will try him sorely at times. Heaven grant that he may not be too weak for his destiny."

"Not very flattering, I must confess."

"But I do give you credit for power beyond what most women possess. You absorb all impressions rapidly, and therein lies the greater danger. You will the sooner exhaust pleasures and enjoyments, and then must come continual restlessness or discontented stagnation. It is a strange, daring, yet delightful nature to rule. If I could place you in the hands of a strong, patient, generous friend—"

"I think I shall prove sufficient for myself. I suppose I shall presently come to the level of other women."

"Heaven forbid!" he said earnestly.

"Peculiar people are always a trial," I returned with some feeling.

"You must learn not to be a trial. My dear friend, the grace of a patient spirit is worth striving for."

"I am not patient. I never could be."

"On the contrary, you *can* be. There, I have sermonized you and teased you, but I want you to know that no brother would ever be more ready to defend you than I. It is because I see great possibilities that I tremble."

There were steps in the hall and tender farewells. Mr. St. John glanced back once, questioning me with his eyes, all aglow with bewildering lights.

CHAPTER IX.

The good want power, but to weep barren tears;
The powerful goodness want, worse need for them;
The wise want love, and those who love want wisdom,
And all best things are thus confused to ill.
—*Shelley.*

After Phillip and Ellen had gone, we settled into comparative quiet. Holiday festivities were over, and we had been so gay that it was good to have a little rest. At least it seemed rest not to have more than one or two balls or dinner parties where we had counted them by dozens. Mrs. Lawrence was lovely and placid as ever, Mr. St. John changeable and puzzling. I knew he was glad to have his friend happy, and yet he appeared to hold a curious grudge against me on Hugh Graham's account. I could not seem to learn what course would have met with his approbation. I confess I did sometimes enjoy ruffling his lordly plumes. If people found me entertaining, and thought me handsome, why should I not bask in the golden sunshine of youth and pleasure?

Ellen wrote to me that their affairs had been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Hugh was going to Scotland to visit some relatives, and her engagement was approved of by her aunt and uncle. The only trouble now would be leaving them. Philip was anxious for a speedy marriage, but she meant to wait until another fall at least. They had been acquainted but such a little while, and somehow she dreaded to make so important a change. I believe she would actually have given up her happiness even then, and I was glad that Philip possessed just the kind of frank, resolute nature to sway hers. He had such a cheerful fashion of finding his way through difficulties. Doubting Castle would not long be an abode for him.

And so the spring came to us. Long, lovely days, touched with faint fragrance, murmurous winds chanting ballads from orient shores, and that tender suggestiveness the world always presents when waking from its long sleep. Hardy blossoms nodding in early beauty, budding trees, and birds twittering softly or cleaving the air with their swift, glittering wings.

One day I received an epistle from the only schoolmate I had really loved, though we had not been very fervent correspondents. She reminded me of a promised visit and begged its fulfilment now, as she was about to be married. If I would only be her bridesmaid! There were several reasons why she wished this, and in any event she *must* have the visit. Did I remember our long talks at school, which had been the wonder of the other girls? She had never found just such a friend, and longed for me more than she could express.

Something in the letter roused my curiosity. No tender mention of her betrothed, no girlish hopes nor fears, not even hesitation. I cannot tell why, but I had always fancied Anne Sutherland one of the girls who would never marry. Not that she was unattractive or in any degree morbid, and she certainly was worthy of a happy destiny. Had she gained the prize?

I went to consult Mrs. Lawrence. The fact of the Sutherlands living in an aristocratic part of the city, won an amiable hearing for Anne, yet I believe she would rather it had not happened.

"Really," she said with her sweet, half indifferent smile, "you seem to be the centre of romance. Promise that you will not commit any folly yourself."

"The girls at school used to call Anne and myself 'old maids,'" I returned laughingly. "I think I am in no great danger."

"Oh, I expect you to marry some time. Only it is well to exercise a little judgment."

"Which means that I am not to fall in love with a poor man!"

"You still seem to consider the love a necessity?" and her tones were as cold and as near to sarcasm as hers ever came.

"It *is* to me. I could never content myself with gilded shams, feast my material senses while my soul starved. I *must* have something real."

"My dear Sydnie, your feelings are too strong. Many of the so-called love marriages are extremely unsatisfactory. Do not wreck your all on this fluttering phantom. It is as likely to be a sham as some of those things you protest against so vehemently."

"At least Philip and Ellen found it," I said triumphantly.

"Yet you see they were not governed simply by fancy."

"You suppose," I said warmly, "that Philip considered whether Ellen was rich or poor? She might have been altogether dependant upon her uncle for aught he knew. Or he might have had nothing beside his health and energy."

"Society is a kind of protection and voucher for these things. If one pays heed to its wise restrictions, one will never go very far astray."

Her dignified tone and air of superior wisdom amused me.

"Mrs. Lawrence, did you never experience any temptation to love?" I asked.

"My mother committed that folly. She chose to be disinherited for the sake of the man she married. My grandfather overlooked it far enough to adopt Stuart. The other children, except myself, died young. I do not think my home was particularly happy, and when Mr. Lawrence, a wealthy West India merchant, made me a proposal of marriage, I accepted it with no regret, though he was forty and I but sixteen. He was proud of my beauty, kind and indulgent, and we lived together most comfortably."

Certainly she was neither faded nor worn. No trials or cares had dimmed the fair face. But could *I* endure such a life? The volcano at the bottom of my soul would find vent and scatter widespread desolation.

I took her pleasant cautions and advice in good part, and decided to go at the earliest date Anne mentioned, which would give me a fortnight still at Laurelwood.

Mr. St. John was very unreasonable and captious about it. Our winter calm was breaking up into a March torrent. He sneered at love as a school girl's folly, and seemed to delight in vexing me when no one was by.

"You'll come back with your head so full of romance that we shall seem dismally tame and prosaic people to you," he said.

"I haven't complained of the tameness yet. On the contrary Laurelwood has been very gay, to my thinking; more so than it will be with the Sutherlands. Judging from my friend, they are a quiet household."

"I have not been quite correct in my selection of a word, perhaps. It was not exactly amusement that I meant. You and your friend will be up in the seventh heaven of rhapsody when you come to renew the vows made in your moonlight walks. I wonder she has not occupied more of your attention, Miss Adriance."

"We never made vows," I retorted angrily. "You draw too largely upon your imagination."

"Could any school girl pass through such an ordeal unfettered? You surprise me more and more."

He lifted his level eyebrows with an incredulous expression that roused me to a white heat.

"If you had been a woman, you would not misjudge us so abominably. Since you are incapable of forming a true estimate of women's regard for each other—"

"It is a pity," he interrupted, with his mocking smile. "I should have made you so much more desirable a companion, as I could then have understood all these little feminine virtues we men are so apt to consider absurdities."

"Doubtless the sex would receive a charming addition. Personally I am not in want of companions."

There was a pause, and I began to congratulate myself inwardly. He turned as if to leave me, then said in that imperturbable manner, and a low, cutting tone,

"I am fully aware that friendship can do nothing for Miss Adriance."

"Not unless it brought those within my range who could be kind and courteous without considering it derogatory to their manhood," I retorted, bitterly.

"You have been most unfortunate, we will admit. Youth is not always the wisest season of life."

"It is owing to circumstances, *not* choice." I was angry enough to say anything.

"Allow me to congratulate you that events are likely to place you among more congenial companions. You have my best wishes," and with a haughty bow he sauntered through the hall.

I believe he takes delight in annoying me, making me the target for his satirical shafts. If I did not know that he could be gracious and tender, I could the more easily forgive him. And then why does he sometimes take such pains to please me?" He is a mystery, a book wherein the reader no sooner fancies he understands one page, before the leaf flies over and leaves him astonished at the change. The attractive and the repellant forces are so great in him, and he affects those with whom he comes in contact, so differently. There are times when I positively hate him—then again, I am drawn to him by a power that I cannot resist, and find him all gentleness. If he would always be thus.

The morning of my departure he met me coming down the stairs, and paused in the hall.

"You will return in a radiant mood, doubtless. Believe that I shall take great interest in watching for the day."

"I am not given to sudden or wonderful changes of temperament," I said, curtly.

"Only in *temper*."

"As you like."

I would have passed him then, but he turned and crossed the hall with me.

"I've proved your stability, I think. At all events come back good-humored. I have almost forgotten how you look when you smile."

"It can be of little consequence, then."

I kept my eyes on the marble tiles, and would not glance up.

"One likes to live in peace and charity with all men and *some* women."

That soft, peculiar sound in his voice. It sped through my nerves, but I would not allow it to move me outwardly.

"How cruel you are! At least, let us part friends;" and he held out his hand. The deep eyes radiated crystals of light, for now I could not keep them from meeting mine.

It was my turn, however, and coolly ignoring the power that I knew I could contest only for a moment or two, I said,

"I did not know we were enemies. I have not been considering the subject."

His face gloomed over with a strange expression. I could not understand whether he was pained or angry, and must have yielded in another instant, but Mrs. Lawrence came fluttering down, heralded by the scent of some rare perfume. She was to accompany me to the station.

"Good-by," Mr. St. John said, with gay carelessness. "I dare say you will be a convert to matrimony when you return."

I glanced back once after we were in the carriage. He was leaning against one of the fluted columns, twining a slender creeper over a trellis. There was a look of prideful longing and melancholy in the face that haunted me for hours afterward.

My journey was both rapid and comfortable, though having no companion I found plenty of time to speculate upon my friend. We had been room-mates, and drawn together by similar tastes and feeling. The clique headed by Laura Hastings never had possessed any attractions for her; indeed, she was a thoughtful, studious girl, with that rare self-reliance that kept her from exacting much from those with whom she was brought in contact. Neat, orderly, and quiet, I found her really delightful for constant company.

Her mother had been an invalid many years. And Anne's ambition, it appeared to me, was to render herself capable of supplying her mother's place as far as possible. She had talked of the children and their domestic *menage*, until I seemed to know them all, and experienced none of the awkwardness of going among strangers. But why she should have decided to marry so suddenly, and why she had made no mention of a lover in her previous letters, puzzled me not a little.

It was late at night when I arrived at Baltimore. Anne and her father came for me. Mr. Sutherland was one of those tall, quiet, aristocratic-looking men that carry generations of refinement in their faces. He gave me a cordial, high-bred welcome, and proved himself no less a gentleman than Mr. St. John, except that he was more formal. Anne resembled him in many respects. She, too, was tall, slender, and fair. Animation always rendered her pretty; but ordinarily

she was too grave. It seemed to me that daily duties and events only touched the outer surface of her soul, and that the fire deep within, had never been kindled.

I knew by her bright smile how glad she was to see me. She questioned me a little about my life, and how I had enjoyed it since our parting at school; spoke of Laura and two or three others.

"It seems a century since then," she remarked, slowly.

I longed to ask about herself, but delicacy withheld me. There would be time enough for all explanations.

"Mamma and the children have retired," she said, half in apology, "so you will not be able to make their acquaintance until to-morrow. And I know you must be weary, so you shall have a cup of tea and then go to your room. Mamma left strict injunctions that you should not be kept up a moment longer than was necessary."

Her voice was soft and cheerful; and I could guess nothing from the calm face. Patience, I said to myself; but as I gave her a good-night kiss, I held her in a tender and reassuring clasp.

"You have forgotten nothing," she exclaimed, with a sudden impulse. "I was almost afraid I should find my friend changed."

"Not to you," I responded.

I soon fell asleep, and it was late when I rose the next morning. I gave a thought to Laurelwood and its inmates, and missed Thirza's swift fingers. Anne soon made her appearance, charmingly neat in a morning dress of French cambric. The house was astir with children's flying footsteps and pleasant voices—rather new sounds to me.

Mrs. Sutherland awaited us in the breakfast-room. She, too, was very fair, but small and fragile looking. A sweet, patient face, bearing traces of much suffering, but not peevish or melancholy. Walter, four years younger than Anne, inherited this slender constitution, blonde, blue-veined complexion, drooping eyes, nervous, susceptible temperament, and was subject to a spinal malady that would incapacitate him for the severe struggles of life. Four younger ones, healthy, frolicsome children, to whom Anne was a second mother. She appeared to comprehend their wants at a glance, and her quiet ministry subdued and harmonized them completely. It was indeed a happy group.

When the children were despatched to school and Anne's household tasks completed, we found ourselves at last together in the cosy sitting-room. Mr. Sutherland went to his business early in the morning, and did not return until the late dinner hour. We were not likely to be interrupted for some time.

"Anne," I began, "I am all impatience to hear about the lover whose fascinations have proved sufficiently potent to win you from this home. Take a little pity upon me!"

"There is no romance about it," she returned slowly. "It is to be just a plain, unpretending matter-of-fact marriage."

"And the love? I must confess to you that I have developed an insatiable thirst for love matters."

She turned her eyes away absently. "He has loved me for years," she said, "and is content to take me, trusting to the future."

"Then you don't love him?" There was a good deal of disappointment in my tone.

"Yes," she replied, "I think I *do* love him, only it isn't the passion that girls talk about. He is noble, generous, thoroughly good and trustworthy, but a quiet man, like papa. Some people may feel deeply yet never put it into words."

"I like the outward sign as well," I said with a smile. "But how reticent you were at school! I don't seem to understand you at all, and I used to fancy I did. I am sure you left this marriage quite out of your plans."

She flushed warmly as she answered:

"We have been engaged since Christmas only. Before that I never dreamed——will it tire you if I tell you the story?"

"Tire me! I am wild to hear it, and I suspect there is considerable romance about it after all."

It was a moment or two before she began, but her voice was clear and smooth, and she evinced no agitation.

"Papa and Mr. Otis have been friends a long while. Two years ago last summer, just before I went to Madame W——'s and met you at school, he used to be here a good deal, though I was shy and took very little notice of him. Papa was making some new business arrangements into which Mr. Otis put considerable money. He was going to Europe, and having a large fortune did not need to use but a small part of it. For awhile papa was very successful. Last Fall he met with some heavy losses. Business was exceedingly dull, and as it went on into winter he grew alarmed. At this juncture Mr. Otis returned.

"Papa had said nothing until then, for he did not want to distress poor mamma. Indeed, he told me first. He had barely enough to meet all his liabilities if he gave up then, but it was sacrificing everything—this house, to which mamma had come as a bride, all our little luxuries, our servants, our hopes of the future, for papa had contemplated giving Walter an art education, as he evinces a great genius for it. I felt stunned at the prospect. For myself I could have borne poverty and toil, but when I thought of the rest my heart grew heavy within me. I knew papa had a fine, honorable pride that could not endure a suspicion of wrong dealing, and that hard as it was, he would rather give up all than go on involving himself. So he announced his misfortunes to mamma. We had a sad, sad time, I assure you. I tried to comfort them both, and planned for the new life, how that I could take charge of the house and the education of the younger children. I was really glad to devote my life to them.

"One day papa came home looking so bright and relieved that I uttered an involuntary cry of joy, and begged him to tell me what had occurred. One of those marvellous incidents that happen to some people and sound like a fairy tale. He had gone to Mr. Otis and laid a plain statement of the case before him, explaining what he purposed to do, and upon looking into the business Mr. Otis concluded to advance the necessary capital to place everything in good working order, and become a partner. He would not even listen to papa's idea of mortgaging the house. And so we had but a fortnight of sorrow after all, and no change would be necessary. Then Mr. Otis came to visit us. Walter took an extravagant fancy to him. He had brought such hosts of curiosities home with him, and seen nearly everything of note. His rooms were a perfect study. Walter used to spend all his leisure time there, and Mr. Otis insisted that it was time for him to begin his true education, for he means to be an artist, but with his health it will be slow work."

She made quite a pause.

"Well," I said, "and then he fell in love. Anne, I am quite interested in your hero. And you fancied that you must marry him."

"I like to hear him talk. His pleasant voice sounds like a stream flowing through grassy meadows. Do you remember how the girls at school used to discuss spiritual influences, positives and negatives, natures that attracted and swayed, and others that were impressed and yielded? Here was a mysterious agency for me. Mr. Otis seldom conversed with me, yet I felt that he always wanted me to be present. I could tell when his eyes were following me, I had an intuitive perception of the kind of music he liked, the flowers and books he was fond of, in short, I could not rid myself of an impression that some irresistible power was linking us together. And when papa told me he had proposed for me, I scarcely felt surprised."

"You should have summoned all your strength to resist," I said suddenly.

"I don't know that I wanted to. I felt that papa was pleased, and expected me to marry him. Mamma thought him tender, generous and loyal hearted, and when he told me that since he first knew me I had hardly been out of his mind, and that on his return if he had found me gay and drinking eagerly of pleasure's cup, he should never have had the courage to speak, my heart went out to him strangely. His had been a lonely life, with no near relatives, and he is not the kind of man to make friends readily. I understood that this would be the one love of his soul, and somehow I couldn't blight it. But I told him that I did not believe I was really in love. He turned to me quickly, his face pale, his eyes filled with apprehension, and asked me if there was any one I fancied or liked better. Though he meant to devote his life to making me happy, he would not have me sacrifice even a thought."

I looked at her steadily. A faint color wandered over her face, but the brightness and hope that should have been its glory were not there.

"Well?" I questioned.

"There was no one in whom I had as much confidence, no one for whom I cared specially. Of course we always have friends, but friends are not lovers."

She turned away, though her tones were very distinct and untrembling.

"I don't like it," I exclaimed impulsively. "It is almost as if Mr. Otis bought you!"

"No, Sydnie, don't say that. I was quite free. He made me understand *that* in a most delicate fashion."

"Are you *glad* to marry him?"

"I never thought of marrying any one. I used to plan to stay here with mamma and watch the others growing up. The idea was so new to me that I hesitated a little."

I remembered Ellen and her sweet, delicious hopes. This was but a paltry imitation.

"Anne," I said, "you are cheating your own soul. When it is too late you will awake to the truth. You don't *love* Mr. Otis at all. Gratitude and pity have swayed you."

"And yet I like to think of depending upon him. He gives me such a sense of rest and security. I fancy that I must be different from other women. Those wonderful, extravagant loves frighten me. I seem to shrink from them. Something quiet and grave suits me best. And then"—taking up the thread of her story as if we had not made this digression, "we glided into an engagement. It did not appear a bit strange to me. Papa, mamma and Walter were delighted. Mr. Otis bought a house only a little distance from this, and we are to go to housekeeping immediately. The engagement has been short, but I think it quite as well. I am nervous and want it all over. I fancied it would be so pleasant to have you to help me select furniture, dresses and all that, for mamma can go out but such a little."

"I wish you had not made this engagement. Suppose instead I help you to break it?"

"No." She turned suddenly pale. "I believe I am right. I mean to go on." Then in a changed tone. "You see now, dear, why I have not written about it. I could not have explained all."

"I don't wonder, surely. When can I see Mr. Otis? I shall make up my mind then whether it is best to forbid the banns or not."

"He is in every day or evening. I think he is rather nervous and shy before strangers, but it soon wears off. I want you to like him. And, Sydnie—please don't talk this way before mamma. She believes that I am going to be very happy."

"And I *know* you are not. Is that it?"

"No, you don't; you can't know what is alone in God's keeping."

She uttered this with a curious latent energy. Just then we were called to lunch.

I sat at the table revolving Anne's story in my mind. It was so odd that she of all other girls should tell it. Looking in some women's faces you seem to read that they were born for a happy, contented love, to be the centre of a cheerful home, and have children growing up around them. She, with her pretty motherly ways, her delicate tastes, fine, sensitive feelings, but not high or wide range of intellect, appeared just the one for such a life. Would not coldness freeze her into a stiff formalism, crush her tender, yearning soul, that needed bluest skies for its blossoming?

The children came home presently. They were just the kind of little ones to make friends with. I was electrifying them with some rather noisy selections from Trovatore, when Anne summoned me to the drawing room. Mr. Otis had come and wished her to go with him and select some paper for the new house, if she and her friend were not too tired. So I went in for a brief introduction. Such things are invariably awkward, and I forgave him for being stiff. He certainly looked old for his years, as he was but little beyond thirty. Not prepossessing, merely a plain quiet gentleman, the kind of person one might suppose would make a good, trusty friend, but not an enthusiastic lover.

His taste was certainly fine, and he paid little regard to expense. He was so desirous of pleasing Anne, that he would have purchased half the warehouse, and had his walls adorned every week in a different style. She hesitated; in fact, I suspected she took no great interest in the matter. She was not happy.

What a strange world it was! So very few coming to the highest enjoyment. Some lives full of straining effort and self-denial, and yet never attaining the peace that crowns unconscious love, that should come as a birthright to all earnest souls.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 30 subscribers and $60—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get a large Premium Steel Engraving.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR, TRYING THE WORLD.

We began in THE POST of April 4th, the above novelet by Miss Douglas.

It is the story of a young girl's adventures in "trying the world," and we think will be perused with a great deal of interest.

It will probably run through from fifteen to twenty numbers of THE POST.

THE ENGLISH OPERA.

We call the attention of our readers in this city and neighborhood to the excellent company now performing in English opera at the Academy of Music.—Caroline Richings is the directress and S. Behrens the conductor; and the list of performers include Campbell, Castle, Wylie, Seguin, Miss Richings, Mrs. Arnold, &c.

On Tuesday evening of the present week, Gounod's Faust is to be produced—on Wednesday evening Martha—on Thursday, the Rose of Castile—on Friday (the benefit of Mr. S. C. Campbell) Crown Diamonds—and on Saturday (a matinee) Cinderella.

THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

Mr. Parker informs us that he received 143 photographs, and that the book called "Hidden Path," was awarded to Miss Lillie Osgood, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

He forgets to inform us what the answer is, but a subscriber says that it is "Battle of Naseby between Charles and Cromwell, resulting in the utter rout of the King's army."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HOLLY TREE INN, AND OTHER STORIES. By CHARLES DICKENS. People's Edition. Price $1.50 in cloth. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

A TREATISE ON METEOROLOGY. WITH A COLLECTION OF METEOROLOGICAL TABLES. By ELIAS LOOMIS, LL. D., Professor of Natural Philosophy in Yale College, &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

VULGARISMS AND OTHER ERRORS OF SPEECH: Including a Chapter on Taste, and one containing examples of Bad Taste. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May contains articles on "The Turf," "Our Roman Catholic Brethren," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. The May number contains excellent articles on a variety of subjects relative to health. Published by Miller, Wood & Co., New York.

YOUNG AMERICA for May. Published by W. J. Demorest, New York.

JEANIE'S QUIET LIFE. A Novel. By the author of "St. Olave's," "Janita's Cross," &c. Published by Harper & Brothers; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

A SISTER'S BYE-HOURS. By JEAN INGELOW. Published by Roberts & Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. This is a collection of seven stories, "Prejudice," "Laura Richmond," &c.

HIGHLAND RAMBLES. A Poem. By WILLIAM B. WRIGHT. Published by Adams & Co., Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

THE GALAXY. The May number is an excellent one, containing articles by Mrs. Spofford, Marion Harland, &c. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

PUBLIC SPIRIT FOR MAY. Capital reading, as usual. Published by Le Grand Benedict, New York.

WHAT CAN WOMEN DO?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY "ZIG."

It rouses the Old Adam within me to hear women wishing they had been born men. They are women possessed of just enough unrest to make them peevish and complaining, not enough to make them noble and aspiring. When a woman wishes herself a man, it is only her shabby excuse for idleness.

You wish you were a man, do you? I tell you if you were a man you would be just as good-for-nothing in the world as you are now. A man must struggle and sweat and fight against himself and against others, here below, if he become anything that is good or honorable; a woman can do the same thing. You and such as you will only fold your hands and sit in the corner and fret, whether born into the world as man or woman, and you would better have been born a patient, industrious donkey than either. "She hath done what she could" was the holy commendation pronounced upon a woman of old. Modern civilization has not improved on that compliment. If you have not done, nay, have not even tried to do what you could, you have no business here with your puny whine.

"I wish I were a man!"

Pray, madame, who knows best, God or you?

In every way, except politically, women can already do almost what they will in this country. What is to hinder? Let them answer if they can. A brave strong soul, whether it be a man's or a woman's soul, does not work its will by anybody's leave. There is no royal road to success in anything, except the right royal highway of steady endeavor. A woman of patience and courage can mould for herself as brilliant a destiny as any man living. You do not believe it? Then you are weak minded indeed, and don't deserve a destiny. But you can be energetic and high-spirited enough to choose your own business and mind it, without asking men's permission, can't you? Try it, try it. But the time to try is now. Women never had such golden opportunities as we have in our own native land at this moment. If we fail to use these opportunities, however, let us remember one thing:—Let us remember that we shall be very mean spirited if we throw the blame of our failure upon American men.

The world is full of divine callings. In the soul of each earnest man and woman, born with the man or woman, underlying and giving shape to every other desire, is the feeling: "I can do this or that work better than any other which the world may offer me." This or that work, whatever it may be, is our divine calling. The instinctive feeling of what we can do is the finger of God pointing us to what we shall do. There are good dæmons now, exactly as in the days of Socrates.

Well, every sensible woman has her divine calling. Some women are called to be good wives, mothers, and housekeepers. That's good. There is nothing better. But——there are women called to be something besides this. Spite of jealous, watery cant, a woman does *not* always find that the performance of domestic duties constitutes her supreme satisfaction. We who have been of the feminine gender all our lives, solemnly affirm it. Every woman does not find her highest happiness in housekeeping, any more than every man finds his highest happiness in turning a grindstone. Many women like other things better, and consequently can do them better. The world is not going to withhold its reward, merely because we are women, if we attempt to do these other things, and *succeed*. But we must succeed. It is right that what we can accomplish be measured by what we do accomplish. Men are measured so.

So, dear ladies and sisters, choose you out some work to do in the world. Select the occupation in which you are sure you can succeed best, whether it be practicing law or trimming bonnets, whether it be man's or woman's work, so called. Prepare yourself thoroughly and patiently for your labor, and never fear but all will be well.

Thorough preparation and a strong will would open to us fifty occupations from which we are shut out now. In the West, millions of acres offer millions of dollars to the pioneer; in New York alone thousands of women are starving and sinning, while thousands of——*men* stand behind counters and measure off dry-goods. If women, instead of men, were bank cashiers, it is doubtful whether the fastest possible life a woman can lead, and be respectable, would be a sufficient temptation to induce her to steal her employer's money.

Souls and bodies can be healed, without the right of suffrage. Disease may be remedied, though the doctor cannot vote. Inspired words may be spoken and written *now*. The world never needed them worse—the world will hear and heed them whether the speaker or writer be man or woman. If, in that homely, but very forcible expression of old-fashioned people, you "feel in your bones" that you can paint a beautiful picture, or write a good book, or speak eloquent words in public—do it; nobody will stop you. If you feel sure that you are gifted with a worthy dramatic talent, then go upon the stage and be an actress, and lead still as pure, as upright a life as if you were under the eye of your Christian mother at home. You can do it. But do not forget that to do any of these things well requires years of patient, untiring preparation. And this is why so many women fail, and bring reproach upon all womankind. They rush at the title of M. D., rush into print, rush upon all sorts of business, half trained—both bodily and mentally. Of course they fail. They ought to.

"Great genius is only great patience." One who knew what he said, left that sentence for us to think about. Women must have all the undiscouragable patience, all the quiet determination of men of genius, before they will deserve to be called women of genius. Genius has no gender. And I wish we could take to our hearts in earnest, that there is really and truly no excellence without great labor. Great labor will never weary you, if you work from love of your work. A divine enthusiasm fills the soul of one whose work is a labor of love. A divine enthusiasm which inspires him when he is discouraged, which lifts him up when he is faint, and never leaves him, but is his pillar of cloud by day, and his pillar of fire by night. If you feel this enthusiasm, it is the true sign that you have found your place. But above all, and before all, do not let the miserable round of empty, heartless, fashionable life, swallow up the aspirations of your bright, blessed youth. For they come but once.

—Thus far, when one of the monthly magazines came, bringing an article called "Mr. Thom. White's Little Sermon." The preacher is a very honest, sensible gentleman, with a very sharp pen, and he is quite right to rebuke the extravagance of New York ladies, but, as is the case with many another honest gentleman, since he himself is not a woman, since he never was one, moreover there being no prospect that he ever will become one, when it comes to writing of women, with Mr. Thom. White imagination now and then takes the place of experience. How can any man know what is best for every woman?

Mr. Thom. White affirms that in no world's work is woman equal to man, that man invents and cuts out even the patterns which show us how to dress ourselves. I do not wonder at it. Men have always been rather fond of cutting out patterns for us to go by. It comes so naturally to them, indeed, that even this honest gentleman cannot refrain from cutting out his little pattern to which women shall trim themselves down. But if men do cut out our dress-patterns, then the more shame to them that they do not leave such work for women, and do something more worthy of their "robust and rough strength."

Mr. Thom. White's little dress-pattern is—Marriage. We have heard that suggested once or twice before. He says:

"I affirm that a kindly, sympathetic, loving, industrious, capable, doing, intelligent, handsome young woman can marry whoever she pleases."

Now it is to be regretted that, in the above fine sentence, Mr. Thom. White is so carried away by enthusiasm for his subject that he forgets his grammar so entirely, but it is still more to be regretted that, in regard to his statement of fact in the same sentence, the gentleman was never farther out of the way in his life. I myself know at this moment at least a dozen young women, kindly, sympathetic, loving, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., enough to sit in honor at the head of any household in this world, but for whom no husbands can be had, for love or money. They *cannot* choose their husbands, because there are no husbands to be chosen. Mr. White himself says as much, a little farther on:

"In the city of New York there is already a surplus of thirty-eight thousand and fifty-six spinsters."

If there is nothing in the world for women but marriage, where, then, are the husbands to come from, who shall fulfill the destiny of these thirty-eight thousand and fifty-six mateless ones? Mr. White cannot marry them all.

It's too bad that this good gentleman, who is really eloquent and truthful in some passages, and so many passages, too, should have allowed himself to descend into such absurdities in others. For instance, it is such a pitifully "small fact" where he illustrates a woman's "curious inability to do business," by the following:

"For several thousands of years woman has insisted on buttoning her own clothes and her children's clothes *behind*."

Is it not a small fact, when a dignified, middle-aged widower goes poking about, for argument, among a *woman's buttons*? Besides, if men invent the fashions, it must have been necessarily a man to whom we are indebted for the convenient fashion of buttoning garments behind. Must it not?

It is this eternal ding-dong of marriage, marriage, marriage, exactly this and nothing else, which already has made so many women the fools and idiots of whom you complain. They have been told from their babyhood, and Heaven knows they have heard it often enough! just what you tell them, that they can do nothing but marry. Naturally enough, then, they try to attract any masculine marriageable material whatsoever. It is lamentable enough that most men are attracted by what is pleasing to the eye, and by that alone, but it is not our fault, Mr. White. I tell you it is all your own fault. Why do you always prefer a beautiful, extravagantly dressed woman, though she be shallower than a pewter platter, to a plain one? Suppose a meek, modest, quiet girl should go to a party, wearing a delaine dress and linen collar, how many of you gentlemen would pass by old Pickle's daughter and Miss Foster, to notice this poor creature in her lonely corner?

We shall get husbands, shall we? Yes, but suppose we wake up some fine morning and find this magnificent husband of ours, with all his grand, protecting "strength and courage," an utterly worthless scamp? Men are not perfect, and such things have happened. What then? On such a morning probably we should discover that the trade of type-setting would secure our daily bread and beef-steak with rather more certainty than even a husband would. I know a little woman who supported six children and a drunken hound of a husband besides, by her milliner's trade, and brought up and educated her daughters as ladies, too. Another who kept her bed-ridden husband and four children, for years, by washing. In Kentucky, not a thousand miles from here, died suddenly, some years ago, the owner of an immense farm. He was reputed very wealthy, but he was one of those rollicking, drinking, spendthrift souls who would become bankrupt though they owned a gold mine. So, when he died, the estate was found to be four thousand dollars in debt. The negroes must be sold, the lawyer said, to pay the debt. But what does the widow, this "grape-vine," do? Only what any other good, capable woman would have done. She called the negro men together, explained the case to them, and said: "Boys, we must work out this debt, and you shall not be sold." So the slaves labored, the mistress managed,

going out every day, in all weathers, hither and thither over the farm, wherever a clear brain was needed, and all worked with a will. In five years the four thousand dollars were paid, there was money in the bank, not a negro had been sold, and the farm was worth a third more than it ever had been before. To this day, a dozen swarthy fellows roll up their eyes in unspeakable admiration of the pluck and good management of "Ole Mis'."

Illustrations prove nothing, you will say. That is quite true. But if mine do not prove anything, no more do yours.

How would Mr. White like to think that his wife had married him, not because she loved him, bless his unsophisticated soul, no! but only for a home? Carry out his philosophy to its infallible result, and that is what he leaves two-thirds of our sex to do. Woman must prepare, not to earn her own living by a trade which shall secure her an honest subsistence through thick and thin, but only to be a—"charmer," whether the animal who is to be charmed and loved and petted ever come or not. No wonder a woman who has been taught all her life that it is forever man's destiny to make the money and woman's destiny to spend it, should acknowledge herself ready to turn even serpent charmer, and "marry the devil." If I believed marriage to be the chief end of woman, for the sake of accomplishing my destiny, I should be quite willing to marry Old Satan himself, incarnate or uncarnate.

The woman who, instead of seeking to acquire honor, dignity, independence, of and for herself, will deliberately marry only for the sake of being supported, deserves harder words than one would like to write down here. I dare say Mr. White will agree to that. But just so long as he tells weak women, silly women and stupid women that they are born only to be married, just so long will they try their dead best, by every possible trick of dress and manner, to trap the unwary Mr. Whites and Peters of society. And I shouldn't be a bit surprised if their man-traps were to succeed.

Prepare to be wives, shall we, and "wait till the blessed day comes?" Learn to make children's clothes, even to buttoning them *before*, and then sit down and—starve.

"He will use her and trample upon her!"

In the name of high heaven, Mr. White, are you men all brutes? Did you ever have a good mother, or a pure sister?

We must not, on pain of "going to the wall," whatever that may be, attempt man's work. But who shall tell us what "man's work" is? Who is so wise that he can lay down an iron law for one-half the human beings on the globe? Who is any man, that he may come with his little tin trumpet, bawling at women:

"Keep to your babies, whether you have any or not! Get husbands, every one of you, whether you want them or not! On your lives, don't you dare to touch man's work!"

There are those who hope better things for women. There are those who work and hope for nothing so much as for the day when women will be trained and competent to do "man's work." For the coming day which will give to every poor woman an honorable means of earning her own bread. So that marriage will no longer be to her the trade by which she makes her living, but whenever she gives herself to an honest, pure man, it will be because, of all living men, he is the only one to whom she would thus give herself. Will not that be a pleasant day for you gentlemen, Mr. Thom. White?

Oh! there is a grand field now open for woman's efforts. Now, for the first time in this old world's history, we can fill an eloquent page, if we will. In our young native land, where men are chivalrous and helpful, where the husks of old prejudice are dropping away, women *can* be what they will. A field lies before us, fair and blooming as "the dream of some prophet of old." The work is ready at our hands, the work which being well done, is to prove that we are indeed what we claim to be.

But the work must be done first.

The very air is full of inspiration, and the might of divine voices, calling, commanding woman to do "what she can."

The Coming Man.

"The Coming Man" has come at last. He is of three horse-power, and weighs five hundred pounds, being seven feet nine in height, and big in proportion. Yes! we have laughed and joked often enough about steam men, but we have got one at last. Mr. Zadok Doldrick has invented the modern Frankenstein—and in these days of inventions and discoveries, we should hardly like to say we doubt the statement. The invention has been made just in the very nick of time. In a few years we shall be quite at a stand still for servants—we mean the human machines, which it is difficult enough to get even now in really good working order. We shall have to take to steam domestics, and they will be very convenient. You'll shunt them all into a shed the last thing and turn the steam off, and early next morning, the policeman—probably a steam policeman—will call them, give them a feed of coal, and off they will start on their duties. The only drawback we can see—and that in these days when every one lives near a railway will not be so much noticed—is that they will whistle so about the house. Of course, too, there is a possibility of accidents if you work your household at high pressure. The nurse may blow up and scald the twins; or some of the young folk may get run over by the butler, or owing to defective signals the housemaid with the coal-scuttle may come into collision with the footman bearing the luncheon tray.

☞ A COUNTERFEIT HAT.—Imitation Manilla straw hats are made by the following process: A real Manilla straw hat is rubbed over with bronze powder. It is then placed in an electro plating bath, and a thick deposit of copper is precipitated upon it. The straw is then burnt out, and a copper mould is left, into which a pulp of Manilla straw paper is introduced. A hat of the exact shape of the pattern is thus formed; and when colored, sized, waterproofed and finished, it can scarcely be distinguished from the original.

☞ A German lady in Iowa has become so seriously affected with home-sickness for her native land, that she has deserted her husband and children in order to return.

Original Fables.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

The Old Bee's Hint.

"What! on a *dandelion!*" exclaimed a young Bee to an old one, in surprise and contempt.

"Why not?" said the old Bee; "do you suppose honey is to be found only in roses? If you do, learn this; honey is honey wherever it comes from, and there's no flower so humble but a little painstaking may get some out of it. I am not ashamed to confess that I have made a more profitable visit to this homely dandelion than I have idly done to many a splendid exotic. Besides, more depends on the way we use our opportunities than on the opportunities themselves."

Understanding a Hint.

"It's time to go said the Swallows to the Starlings.

"Why?" said the Starlings; "winter is not come yet.

"No," said the Swallows, "not *come* exactly; but there have been chilling winds and gloomy skies frequent of late, and we prefer leaving with this gentle hint, to being *starved* or *stormed out.*"

Where It Comes Sharp.

"Well! that is surprising!" said a young Jackal to his mother. "I have seen the hunters rattle balls from their rifles against that elephant, and they fell from his tough hide like hailstones; and those flies have actually made him caper about quite in a fury!"

"Ah, son!" said the old Jackal, the secret is, that the flies have found out where his skin is thin; most of us have a tender spot somewhere; and even an elephant, *when that is touched*, feels the bite of a contemptible fly more than he would the stoutest rifle where he is invulnerable."

Not always Flattering to be "Let Alone."

"They never shoot *us*," said an old Crow to a Partridge, that after a flight of terror from a murderous gun had escaped to a quiet spot where some crows were feeding. She did not answer, but cowered beneath the long grass, still panting with alarm.

"I say," said the old Crow, sidling up to her, "they never attempt to shoot *us*."

"Don't they?" said the Partridge.

"No; I can't think why. We are very handsome, and very useful, and highly respectable. I can't think why they let us alone, and are so fond of shooting you," said the old Crow, with an inquisitive look.

"Ah—I didn't know there was any difficulty about it. Are you not carrion?" said the Partridge.

"Caw, Caw!" said the old Crow, "that didn't strike me!"

Under a Slight Mistake.

"Well! there's a great deal in knowing one's self," said Grim the yard-dog to a poor half-starved Cur that ran in and out by sufferance and picked up a bit or a bone as he could.

"Oh, yes, sir, I quite agree with you; only sometimes, as in my case, there's nothing worth knowing," said the Cur.

"Self-knowledge," observed Grim, "saves us from conceit. It is quite sad to observe the mistakes people make through ignorance."

"Well, there's a great advantage that way in being poor; for nobody flatters the poor, so they are in less danger of being conceited," remarked the hungry Cur.

"True," replied Grim; "but there's Mopsy—did you ever notice her? She is so self-satisfied, so full of admiration of her charms, she can hardly walk."

"Ah, she is very pretty indeed; I suppose her head is a little turned. Now there, you, sir, see the advantage of being ugly, for the ugly, like the poor, have no flatterers. So we—"

"We!—ugly! What do you mean by your impudence?" said Grim, showing his teeth. "I should hope I am as handsome as she is any day, only my beauty is of a different kind."

"Ah, yes, to be sure, sir—I hope no offence—only hers is a more common sort of beauty that strikes everybody, you see," said the Cur, in a fright.

"True; mine, I admit, is more refined, severe, and classical—greatly, you see, to be preferred to hers."

"Oh, no doubt, sir," said the Cur, much relieved to see the turn things had taken, for he had been afraid of entire banishment from the yard.

"And yet," continued Grim, "*I* never strut, nor assume airs. No! Aware of what I am, I am satisfied with the silent homage that I am sure I *must* receive from all competent judges; and were I to be petted and praised to the full as much as Mopsy, I should not be lifted a hair's breadth in my own esteem, so thoroughly do I know myself."

"Ah, self-knowledge is a fine thing indeed!" cried the Cur, "and I'm quite convinced by what your worship has said, that it's a very wise dog indeed that arrives at it. As for my poor self, I shall henceforth make sure of nothing concerning the subject, but that I am nearly always hungry—a fact that admits of no mistake."

The Discontented Crow and Her Wise Neighbor.

"Oh, dear! how tired I am," said a Crow, as she rested from building, and rocked gently backwards and forwards on the tree-top beside a neighbor.

"Don't you wish," she said again, "don't you wish you were a raven? Great and strong he is; never can feel tired as we do, I'm sure."

"I don't want to be a raven, though," replied her neighbor; "the sound of his voice frightens folks terribly; I shouldn't like to be feared and shunned."

"Well, no—that's true; but I should like at least to be a *rook:* they are so aristocratic. Wouldn't you rather be a rook? we are very vulgar in comparison, you must own."

"Rooks?" answered the neighbor; "rooks get shot and put into pies. No; I'd rather be a vulgar live crow than a genteel baked rook."

"I forgot that," said the Crow; "but I really *should* like to be a magpie; they are so handsome and so swift of flight."

"Should you?" said the neighbor; "*I* wouldn't be branded as a thief and a busybody, the very tip-top of all mischief, as *she* is, to be ten times as handsome. Why, the folks go about destroying her nests wherever they find it, because she is so good for nothing."

"Certainly, certainly; I agree with you her nest is never safe; but as to that, neither are ours. A storm comes, and then where are we? The jackdaws are the best off. Nobody disturbs them, the wind cannot reach them, and their nests never want repairing. Oh, I wish I were a jackdaw, don't you?"

"What!" cried the neighbor, weary of her complainings; "would you like to spend all your life in the gloom of the old church tower, gliding in and out of a hole all day long, instead of rocking about in the breeze on this glorious green tree? Not I! Ravens and rooks, and pies and daws, are heartily welcome to all their advantages. I envy none of them; but, taking the bad and good together, am quite satisfied that no lot can beat the lot of a crow."

Anecdote of Daniel Webster.

More than once the question of the settlement of their respective boundary lines had endangered the amicable relations between the United States and the British possessions in Canada, and more than once did this subject come near bringing on a collision, and it was strange that it should have been left so long unsettled. The Ashburton treaty, negotiated by Mr. Webster, withdrew that question from the field of discussions by politicians in England and America.

In this, as in most matters of serious importance, a portion of a fund, expressly to be used for the secret service, was expended by Mr. Webster, under the advice and by the authority of the President of the United States.

Some discharged clerk, or disappointed office-seeker, got the ear of Charles J. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, and induced him to make a public charge in the House of Representatives, asserting that Mr. Webster had made an improper use and wrongful appropriation of some of this money. Such a charge, coming from one of the representatives of the people, and implicating so distinguished a statesman, produced an immense deal of feeling. A committee was appointed at the request of Mr. Webster and his friends, who made and insisted on a most rigid investigation of the whole matter, the result of which was, as every man who knew anything of the character of Mr. Webster must have foreseen, that there was not the slightest foundation for the charge, and that, so far from withholding the funds from the legitimate use of the Government, it turned out that Mr. Webster had neglected to charge the Government with a number of sums which he had actually expended, and which were allowed him on a final settlement. It is greatly to be deprecated that the House of Representatives should be made the channel through which party rancor and personal vindictiveness convey their vile slanders against men whose integrity and reputation are a part of the wealth and glory of the Commonwealth, to be as carefully guarded and protected as the property and persons of her citizens. Mr. Webster was mortal, and, like his fellow-men, may have had his faults, but most certainly the love of money was not one of them. Indeed his carelessness and indifference about money affairs was proverbial,—and many anecdotes were told about Boston and Washington, showing how little he valued it. The following little anecdote of the doings of the Senate in secret session, was told to me by a little bird, probably the same who flew away with the treaty of peace with Mexico—which Bennett published in the New York Herald before it was submitted to the Senate.

Near the close of the session, when the Senate had continued its sittings until the wee small hours of the night, when by pouring spirits down, the members had kept their spirits up, so that, with but few exceptions, it would have been difficult for some of them to have told "a hawk from a hernshaw," the message of Mr. Polk, announcing the appointment of Mr. R. I. Ingersoll, of Connecticut, as Minister to Russia, was received. As this was only a short time after Charles J. Ingersoll's charge against Mr. Webster, and as the former gentleman's name had been frequently spoken of, with reference to this mission, it would not have been strange had a misapprehension occurred. Reverdy Johnson, who, by-the-by, was full of fun and practical jokes, went to the President of the Senate's seat, and read the appointment, and, apparently in great anger, rushed to Mr. Webster, saying: "What do you think? Mr. Polk has just sent in the name of Ingersoll as Minister to Russia!" This, if anything could, was likely to arouse the sleeping lion. Rising majestically, looking around for some seconds, and passing his hand several times over his forehead to collect his thoughts, as was his custom, while the Senators, "*Intentique ora tenebant*—"

"All were attentive to the Godlike Dan,
When from his lofty seat he thus began:"

"I move, Mr. President, that we take up the nomination of the Minister to Russia, now lying upon your table; and I desire to offer some remarks on that nomination, and to keep strictly within the rules of order. I move to amend by striking out the word 'Russia,' and inserting 'Siberia,' and upon that motion I respectfully ask leave of the Senate to be heard." No objection having been made, he poured forth the phials of his wrath upon the head of the supposed nominee. Some of the other Senators at length explained the mistake, and the drowsy Senate was aroused from its reveries by a hearty and prolonged laugh.

Webster, perceiving he had been quizzed, raised himself to his full height, and cried out in a voice, the deep tones of which seemed almost to shake the walls of the Capitol: "Have I a friend in this body? Have I a friend in the Senate of the United States? If I have, will that friend give me a glass of——cold water?"

Not being a member of the Senate, I do not vouch for the exact rendition of this incident, but, as the Italians say:

"*Si non e vero, e ben trovato.*"

If it is not true, it ought to be.—*Baltimore Leader.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

IMPEACHMENT.—Messrs. Boutwell and Nelson have spoken, one for and the other against Impeachment. All of the counsel design speaking.

On the 24th the President nominated Gen. Schofield to be Secretary of War, in place of Mr. Stanton, withdrawing the nomination of Mr. Ewing.

MICHIGAN.—The majority against the Constitution is 38,000; the majority against the prohibitory liquor clause, 10,000; and the majority against holding biennial sessions of the Legislature, 75,000.

LOUISIANA.—The Republicans have carried the Constitution and elected their State ticket in Louisiana. New Orleans, however, has gone Democratic.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The majority for the Constitution in South Carolina, so far as heard, is 43,000.

GEORGIA.—The election in Georgia is very close, the State being claimed by both parties.

VIRGINIA.—General Schofield has issued an order stating that no election will take place in Virginia on June 2nd, as Congress has made no appropriation for the expenses thereof.

CHARLES DICKENS.—Mr. Charles Dickens has ended his sojourn in America. His newspaper friends gave him a farewell banquet in New York on Saturday evening, and on Wednesday he bade good-bye to this country, probably never to see it again. Anthony Trollope arrived here the same day in the Scotia.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The trial of the Clerkenwell prisoners is proceeding in London. An immense anti-Tory meeting was held at Mr. Spurgeon's church in London; John Bright presided. Resolutions favoring the disendowment of all religious sects in Ireland were adopted amid great enthusiasm. Sir Morton Peto and Oliphant have resigned their seats in the House of Commons.

PRINCE ALFRED SHOT.—Startling intelligence has been received from Australia. Prince Alfred, who is visiting Sydney, was shot and dangerously wounded by an unknown person. The would-be assassin, who was said to be a Fenian, was promptly arrested. The Prince, according to last advices, was slowly recovering.

CANADA.—There was a severe snow storm in Canada on Thursday, the 23d, the drifts being in some places two feet deep.

FRANCE.—The Moniteur du Soir says that through the good sense of the people, the baseless apprehensions of approaching war have subsided, and the public mind is tranquil. This result is in part due to the efforts of foreign powers to sustain the pacific policy of France.

PRUSSIA.—Bismarck has withdrawn from the North German Parliament the Federal debt bill which was introduced by the Government. He takes this action in consequence of the amendments made by the Opposition.

ABYSSINIA.—General Napier was with the advance of his army on the 29th ult. at Redcla. King Theodore was in front of the British with ten thousand men. General Napier has requested a heavy remittance of treasure for the expenses of the army, to be sent to them before the rainy season sets in, as he anticipates during that season that communication with the sea coast will be frequently, if not wholly, interrupted.

JAPAN.—Late advices from Japan and Shanghai state that the government of the Mikado promises to indemnify all foreigners for losses suffered at the hands of either party during the civil disturbances.

MEXICO.—The latest Mexican advices say that General Jimenez has submitted to the Government. The rebellion in Sinaloa, however, is gaining ground, and insurrectionary movements have occurred elsewhere. It is officially stated that the expenses of the Republic are $20,000,000 annually.

IMMIGRATION FROM EUROPE.—Correspondents in Ireland and Germany continue to state that the immigration rush from those countries to the United States is very great. During the week ending April 4, eight thousand Germans embarked from various German ports for this country. On April 8 and 9, eighteen hundred Irish emigrants sailed from Queenstown, and the railway leading to that port from Cork found its carrying capacity exceeded by the numbers of Irish who were anxious to get on the steamers leaving on those days.

THE PACIFIC.—Of the colony of young ladies who sailed from New York some two years ago for Washington Territory, all got comfortable homes within two weeks after their arrival out, and all but three have since married.

SENSIBLE WORKMEN.—It is reported from England that a number of masons, in Cornwall, finding trade dull, have proposed that sixpence a day be taken off their wages.

☞ TO UGLY WOMEN.—A young man who has run through all his property, but now sees the error of his ways, and is a reformed character, wishes to marry and settle. He would wish to settle any fortune that his wife might bring with her on herself, with remainder in the hands of trustees to the survivor for life. Any lady of strictly moral and religious principles and an affectionate temperament, whose inclination for holy matrimony has, notwithstanding pecuniary affluence (say $100,000), been opposed by disadvantages of personal appearance, may secure a fond husband, who is considered very handsome, but, being himself indifferent to externals, regards only those qualities in a married partner that are truly valuable.

☞ A BOX AT THE GRAND OPERA.—A Paris correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph says: "Do you know what a box at the opera—I mean a box at the Grand Opera—costs for the season? No. A good box costs five hundred pounds a year; but do not think they are easy to be had at that price. I know of five hundred pounds now waiting at the banker's to be transferred to billets de l'opera, and the exchange is against the buyer."

☞ An invitation to join a class to learn "The German" (the popular dance) having been handed, by mistake, to Mr. Stanberry, instead of his son, that eminent counsel sent a polite note in reply, regretting that his professional engagements would prevent his attempting the acquirement of a "new language."

Time Does It.

Time has a wonderful power in taking the conceit out of persons. When a young man first emerges from the schools and enters upon the career of life, it is painfully amusing to witness his self-sufficiency—he would have all the world to understand that he has "learned out"—that he is master of all knowledge, and can unravel all mysteries. But as he grows older, he grows wiser; he learns that he knows a great deal less than he supposed he did, and by the time he reaches to three-score years, he is prepared to adopt as his own the sentiment of John Wesley: "When I was young I was sure of everything; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half as sure of most things as I was before. At present I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed to man."

CITRATE OF MAGNESIA.—The attention of the medical and clerical professions and the public is called to the Effervescing Citrate of Magnesia in Powder, prepared by Arthur Rogers, New York. See advertisement.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

CAROLINE RICHINGS,.....Directress.
N. REDIDENS,.....Conductor.
A. S. PENNOYER,.....Business Manager.
ENGLISH OPERA SEASON.
REPERTOIRE FOR THE SECOND WEEK.
MONDAY, April 27,
LILY OF KILLARNEY.
TUESDAY, BENEFIT OF J. F. ZIMMERMAN,
Treasurer—Gounod's FAUST.
WEDNESDAY, MARTHA.
THURSDAY, ROSE OF CASTILE.
FRIDAY, BENEFIT OF S. C. CAMPBELL,
CROWN DIAMONDS.
SATURDAY, MATINEE, CINDERELLA.
Box sheet now open at Trumpler's and the Academy.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-eowtf

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Java Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those BROWN DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York. ☞ Sold everywhere. ap11-6m

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—When the weary sufferer tosses upon his fevered pillow, let him use these pills, which, by expelling the causes which obstruct his rest, will make him enjoy refreshing sleep.

IF YOU would return to sound health your *nerve fluid* must be invigorated and your nervous system well braced up. Partake of DR. TURNER'S TIC-DOLOUREUX OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL, then you may set at defiance Neuralgia, Nerve-ache and all nervous complaints. This medicine acts immediately upon the *nerve fluid*. Apothecaries have it. Principal Depot 120 *Tremont St., Boston, Mass.* Price $1 per package; by mail, two postage stamps extra.
Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, Agents, Philadelphia, Pa.

THOSE who suffer from nervous irritations, itching uneasiness, and the discomfort that follows from an enfeebled and disordered state of the system, should take AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and cleanse the blood. Purge out the lurking distemper that undermines the health, and the constitutional vigor will return. 10t2-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th of April, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. LLEWELLYN H. RUMEN to Miss BELLA LONGACRE, both of Germantown, Pa.

On the 9th of April, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, Mr. AUGUST HOFMAN to Miss JOSEPHINE G. SAUER.

On the 15th of April, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. HARRY C. GUTHRIE, of Lexington, Ky., to Miss LIZZIE HENDRIX, of this city.

On the 16th of April, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM LINDEN, Jr., of Nashville, Tenn., to Miss MATTIE SHARPLESS, of this city.

On the 20th of April, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. CHARLES B. ROGERS, of Wareham, Mass., to Miss SARAH E. GETHENS, of this city.

On the 29th of March, by the Rev. Wm. R. Wood, Mr. JAMES MCINTYRE to Miss SUSANNA BEAVER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name

On the 20th of April, Mrs. MARGARET STOUT, aged 73 years.

On the 20th of April, MARY R., wife of Robt. Tempest, in her 77th year.

On the 20th of April, JOHN MONTGOMERY, in his 72th year.

On the 19th of April, BENJAMIN J. HARVEY, aged 48 years.

On the 19th of April, MARY A., wife of John J. Measure, in her 21st year.

On the 18th of April, Mrs. ANN WATHOUGH, in her 64th year.

On the 18th of April, Mrs. ELIZA ANN, wife of Mr. Jacob Albarger, aged 44 years.

On the 18th of April, Mr. JOHN CUMMINGS, in his 62th year.

On the 17th of April, Mrs. JANE, wife of Robert Norris, aged 6 years.

MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK IN THIRTY YEARS TO COME.

My book is out of date now;
You'll find it very slow;
For the people in it lived, sir,
Thirty years ago!

Thirty long long years, and now
Their faces all are strange;
For faces change like hearts, you know,
And time works many a change.

That one? Well that's myself—yes;
You'd never think it, now;
But then, you know, 'twas taken, sir,
Thirty years ago!

I hadn't any wrinkles then,
My hair was brown, not gray,
My cheeks were soft, they're parchment now,
And I'm growing bald they say.

And this? Ah dear, how pretty, too,
That little tinted face!
It's faded like the rest, though,
And sadly out of place.

Dear! what a girl that was, sir!
Such eyes and such a nose;
Married, and went to India then,
She's dead now, I suppose.

This fellow, such a noodle too—
A hopeless kind of spooney;
He emigrated on a chance,
And made a mint of money!

And this one, on the other page,
Oh such a handsome fellow!
He took a fever at the Cape,
And died, they say, quite yellow!

My! what a handsome man he was!
Such eyes, with such long lashes,
Such glorious, glossy whiskers, too,
Such hair, and such moustaches!

The woman in the velvet gown—
An authoress, you know;
She wrote "The Bloody Secret!" and
"The Murderer's last Blow!"

Striking! Do you think so?
I never cared about her;
I met her but the other day,
Grown gray, and so much stouter.

These two, a happy couple then,
A bridegroom and a bride.
It was the fashion then, you see,
To be taken side by side.

They had a little quarrel, sir,
Thirty years ago;—
She was a little fast, they say,
And he a little slow.

Some say *he* was the cause of it—
That fellow all in gray;
It never was cleared up, you know,
But I heard she ran away.

And this, sir, is my "beauty page:"
There are a set of graces!
I never see such women now,
Such beautiful young faces.

That one, sir, with the curly hair,
She was a charming creature;
Such splendid eyes you never saw,
No fault in any feature.

And this one, on the other side—
Dear! how the colors fade!—
She, too, was then a beauty, sir,
She's living—an old maid.

And that one with the laughing eyes,
And tresses black as jet—
How well I can remember her—
She was a sad coquette!

How has the cold world dealt with her,
Where has her life been set;
And have those laughing eyes of hers
With many tears been wet?

Who knows? I never saw her since,
And life is always so;
But the photograph was like her then,
Thirty years ago!

And this one, with the sunny hair,
And eyes divinely blue;
It is the dearest in the book,
The sweetest, and most true.

It isn't a face to draw, you see,
Or to carve in marble cold;
But a living face to blush beneath
A halo of warm gold.

It isn't a face to rave about,
Or cut one's throat, and yet
It's the kind of face that having seen
It's hard, sir, to forget.

She's vanished, like the others, now,
The way that all things go;
But I would have given my life for hers
Thirty years ago!

It's only a shadowed picture, too,
Of an innocent young face,
With nothing to commend it
But its gentle girlish grace.

But oh! the passionate longing,
As I see her smiling so,
Still swells within me, as of old,
Thirty years ago!

My book is out of date now,
You'll find it dull and strange;
For fashions fade like faces, sir,
And time works many a change!

L. C.

A surr was sailing in the southern waters of the Atlantic, when her crew saw another vessel making signals of distress. They bore down toward the distressed ship and hailed them.

"What is the matter?"

"We are dying for water," was the response.

"Dip it up then," was answered. "You are in the mouth of the Amazon river."

There those sailors were, thirsting, and suffering, and fearing, and longing for water, and supposing that there was nothing but the ocean's brine around them, when, in fact, they had sailed unconsciously into the broad mouth of the mightiest river on the globe, and did not know it. And though to them it seemed that they must perish with thirst, yet there was a hundred miles of fresh water all around them, and they had nothing to do but to "dip it up."

AUNT PHŒBE'S STORY.

BY K. S. MACQUOID.

Jessie Beever stood leaning against the dresser in her aunt's cottage, with a very decided frown on her fair, pretty face, a face that seemed as if a smile would fit it better; a cheerful, happy countenance, with sunny hair, a broad, low forehead, and sweet brown eyes. There was a singular likeness between the petulant girl of eighteen, and the delicate woman of forty, who while she went on washing up her teacups, stole a look every now and then at Jessie, only it seemed that Phœbe Hawtrey's beauty must have always had more of refinement in it. Strangers who caught a glimpse of the remarkable face, bending over her flowers at the window, asked who lived in the little corner cottage in West Acre Lane, and looked surprised to hear it was only Phœbe, the carpenter's daughter. The carpenter was dead, and his wife too. His eldest daughter had married Ned Beever, *the* blacksmith of Shireburn, and Phœbe, the youngest, had just enough to live on by herself in the corner cottage with the honeysuckle over the porch. She did clear-starching for those of the neighboring gentry not rich enough to keep a laundry, to gain a little surplus to help her poorer neighbors with, rather than from need.

"What ails ye, child?" she said, when the silence had lasted a little longer.

"You know"—the rosy cheeks flushed scarlet, and the bright eyes filled full of hot angry tears—"Aunt Phœbe, I thought I'd get comfort from you; I saw mother telling you all about it last night; it's shameful! she says Paul has six strings to his bow!" She burst out crying.

"Jessie"—the girl looked up and wiped her eyes—"it's because ye want to go to Anster Fair with Paul Lewin, isn't it?"

Jessie nodded—she was still sobbing.

"Do you want to go to the fair with Paul, lass, because ye love him, or that ye're proud of being seen with such a tall, fine young fellow?"

"I don't know," said Jessie.

"Would ye be content to bide at home if Paul might stay along with ye?"

"I should think not, indeed!" with a toss of the fair head.

Phœbe sighed.

"Don't!" said Jessie, petulantly. "Aunt, I'd never have come down if I'd not thought you'd have taken my part. I don't care much for Paul. Oh, aunt, I've heard you were always to be seen everywhere, why should I be buried out of sight? Mother says she wants me to get married; I shan't find a husband in the forge, and I don't want to be an old maid;" and then conscience-stricken Jessie looked at the sweet patient face, and the frown left her own.

"I beg your pardon, aunt dear;" and she held up her mouth to be kissed.

"Jessie, I've a mind to tell ye a story," said Phœbe, smiling, "would ye care to hear how it came about that I never married?"

"Mother says no one was good enough for you, because you were so pretty."

"It wasn't that, though I was vain enough, lass, at one time. Sit ye down, child, the story won't be over just in a minute." She drew her hand slowly over her face, and rested her chin in its palm.

"I was about your age, Jessie. I might have had the love of a good man. I'll call him Thomas, he's left the village, but I've no right to make the sorrow I gave him public. He hadn't spoken to me, but I knew what he meant. I thought myself far too good for him, but I liked to be joked about him. You know where grandfather used to live?"

Jessie nodded.

"Well, I was standing at the top of that broken flight of steps that leads into the lane under the big yew-trees; it was grandfather that shaped the trees round like an arch, they used to go straight across from side to side. Well, as I stood idling my time I saw some one coming up the lane; a tall, handsome young fellow with a bright sunburnt face, there was something in his look that made me sure he was a sailor. He stopped and asked me to be so kind as to tell him the way to Bramley.

"I'd never seen any one so handsome, Jessie. No one ever spoke to me in such a worshipping way before. It seemed just like one of the stories I'd read, against mother's will, in a penny newspaper that I'd found round a parcel. I told him the way, and then he went on, though I stood watching him. He looked back often.

"I had been vain enough before. What I grew to be after this, Jessie, I should not tell you if I could. As it is, I'm talking of myself more than is good for me."

Phœbe sighed.

"One evening I'd been drinking tea with your mother. She'd not long been married, and she was anxious to see me as happy as she was herself. She'd asked Thomas to drink tea with us. My head was full of the handsome sailor, and I was cold and capricious all the evening.

"'I must go now,' I said to your mother; and I put on my bonnet. Thomas had gone with your father, to look at something in the yard. At the corner where the lane turns from the road, I found Thomas waiting. I tried to pass; but he stopped me.

"'Phœbe, you must let me walk home with you this evening.'

"It was still broad daylight, and he could see how unwilling I looked. He walked beside me, without speaking. His voice had sounded so firm and determined, that I had felt a little afraid of him.

"Presently he began again. 'Phœbe, you know quite well what I have to say; you have known it a long time. Maybe I ought to have spoken sooner; but I felt uncertain, I feel so still. Will you be my wife?'

"For an instant I felt a soft pity for Thomas; he saw this, no doubt, in my face. We were in the lane quite alone, and he took my hand and drew it under his arm.

"This brought my pride back; I pulled my hand away.

"'You behave very strangely,' I said, in a scornful tone; 'I must love the person I marry, and I never could love you.'

"I walked up the lane fast, but he overtook me.

"'I was blundering,' he said, humbly; 'I ought to have asked leave to win you; I do ask it now, Phœbe.'

"There was such a sad earnestness in his voice; but before I could answer, I heard speaking close by. I looked up. Looking over the hedge I saw my father and the stranger who had asked the way to Bramley.

"I seemed to grow mad with impatience.

"'You have had your answer,' I said; 'I never say no when I mean yes.'

"I did not look at him; I was at the foot of the steps, full of shy, fluttering vanity.

"'This is my daughter Phœbe, Mr. Stacey,' said father.

"Mr. Stacey never said a word about having seen me before; he'd come from London to look for country lodgings. Mother said there were none to be had in Shireburn; however, he'd got the soft side of father, and he found him a lodging at Pratt's that same evening.

"By the time I'd been an hour with Charles Stacey, I knew I liked Thomas best, and yet I fought against the feeling, it pleased my vanity more to be with one than with the other. Thomas never offered to take me anywhere, but Mr. Stacey was always finding out some amusement for me. Mother interfered as much as she could, but I would not listen. At last some of the gossips spoke to father. He came into the garden one day quite angered.

"'Phœbe,' he said, 'go indoors; I've a word to say to Mr. Stacey.'

"I loved Stacey now, Jessie, with all the heart I had to love any one, and he was always talking about his love for me; but he had not asked me to marry him, and I sat in the kitchen trembling, for I thought father was going to be rude, and that perhaps I should never see Stacey again.

"To my surprise they both came in smiling.

"Father took hold of my hand. 'There she is, my lad,' he said, 'and when you come home from next voyage, she shall be yours altogether, if she likes.'

"Stacey kissed me, and so did father, and then I ran away to my room and cried. I was happy, but it seemed to me that my consent was taken too much for granted.

"At supper I said this to father. Stacey had gone away early.

"Father pushed up his glasses, and looked first at me, then at mother.

"'From what I hear,' he said, 'you've been wrong-headed and wilful, Phœbe. Your name has got coupled with Stacey's. You know best whether you wish to marry him; but he shall marry you, or I'll know the reason why.'

"I thought father unkind; but I wanted to be Charles's wife, so I did not take this scolding to heart. When I met Stacey the next afternoon, I thought him grave and quiet.

"'So you could not trust me,' he said; 'my love would be just as true, Phœbe, without a promise.'

"'I said nothing to father, Charles, and you've made me no promise.'

"'That's true,' he said; and then we walked on. But that was a very silent walk, Jessie—it was up Oak Lane, where the road has been hollowed out, and the great tree-roots hang in all manner of twisted shapes on each side. I remember the rabbits came out of their holes, and scrambled across the path in front of us.

"I came home less happy than usual. However, the next few days were as bright as ever; Charles had to join his ship at the week's end, and so we made the most of them. Mother seemed to have grown fond of him now, and she never tried to keep me at home.

"He went, and I fretted till I grew ill—ill and thin and weak. You've been wondering what had become of Thomas all this while. I suppose I tell things as they seemed to me at the time, and Thomas kept out of sight, so I never thought about him. Mother pitied me, but after a bit she got tired of my idle ways. I'd stop up late looking at the moon, and fancying I saw all manner of things in her; and then lie a-bed o' mornings till my head ached.

"'Phœbe,' she said one day, 'when you were born, I thought you'd be a blessing to me; but I've lived to doubt that.'

"Her voice had a sad touch in it that set my heart quivering; I put my arms round her. 'I'll do better,' I said, 'you'll see I will, mother.'

"Well, I did; I fought as hard as I could; but my love grew every day; it seemed as if I cared only for what put me in mind of Stacey. I'd got one letter from him, and I used to read that over till I knew it by heart, and then still I read it to see the writing.

"Sometimes I saw Thomas, but he never spoke to me.

"The year passed over. One day—a bright summer day like this, Jessie—I mind now how the white roses were all in their beauty; mother and I had brought our needlework, and were sitting in the doorway, and father sat on the garden bench spelling a newspaper he'd got from the 'Fox'—it was some days old, and he read us out bits of news I'd heard already.

"'Hallo, Phœbe,' he called out, 'here's news.'

"I was looking over his shoulder in an instant. He pointed out the place with his finger, but the lines all danced about; it was a minute or so before I read that the *Niger*—that was Stacey's ship—was safe at Portsmouth.

"My heart on a sudden fell like lead, Jessie, from the joy which had lifted it up. Stacey must have been home a good week, and he had neither come to Shireburn nor written to me.

"But father seemed not to have heeded this; he gave me a kiss, and said he supposed he must have a new coat for the wedding; and then he took up the paper and was going back to the 'Fox' with it.

"'Just let me look once more,' I said.

"Father stroked my hair as I stooped down to read.

"'Goldilocks,' said he. When I was little, Jessie, I got the name from the flower you mind in the fir-wood.

"Somehow, I shrank into myself; it seemed as if the glory and pride of my hair and of my good looks was taken away.

"I suppose I looked strange standing so still there—under the yew-trees—just where father left me. Ah, yes, and I was thinking too, just where Stacey had left me on that sunshiny morning a year ago.

"'What is it, child?' mother said.

"'I'm dazed like, it's come so sudden;' and I made an excuse to go indoors.

"A week passed on, and no word from Stacey. And what made his silence harder to bear was the village talk, Jessie. Father had gone to the village that day full of his news; and I was questioned and wished joy, till I hardly knew how to keep a calm face in answer; my heart felt as if it must break. It seemed to me he might be dead, left behind in the great sea, and I should never—never have the love I had so longed for.

"Mother got anxious too; I knew it by the tender, pitiful way she spoke; but she was timid, was mother, and she shrank from open speaking.

"When the week's end came, I had got desperate. Mother and I were in the kitchen; I was doing up one of her caps; the lace stuck to my fingers, and I couldn't make two flutings alike. I scorched it badly at last, and I set down the goffering-iron, and burst out crying. Then mother spoke in a sudden, new way to me, a way which took me back, lass, to times when I used to bring her home cowslip posies from the meadows.

"'Leave work, Jessie darling; come and sit ye down by mother, and tells what ails ye.' And there I was sitting on my little stool at her knee hiding my face in her lap. She let me sob on, and then she whispered—

"'Ye want to know the rights o' this, lass, and so do I; I'm thinking of going to London.'

"I left off sobbing in wonder. Mother, who had never been farther than Guildford in her life!—mother, who rarely ventured to set up an opinion of her own against father or me.

"'Yes, dear; one is going up to-morrow as 'ull take charge o' yer mother, Phœbe, and bring her back safe; one who's always been true to me and mine, lass.'

"I did not care to guess: I was too much interested.

"'I'll make all right with father,' she whispered. It seemed to me she kissed the words into my cheek. 'I know where to go. 'I'll not come home, lass, without news.' I put my arms close around her; I seemed to have twice the mother I had had before.

"She was off before six next morning. She wouldn't let me go even to the turn of the lane with her.

"The two days that came after were so long, Jessie; I worked harder than I'd done in life before, so as to make them go—but they wouldn't—till I was so weary I was fain to sit down on the top of the steps, and watch the gold light change into crimson, while the sun set behind the oak-trees up yonder. On a sudden they seemed on fire, as if the sun himself was shining blood-red through their leaves, and then the crimson grew duller and duller. It had changed to gray when I saw mother coming up the lane. She was out of breath with walking, and I couldn't get a word out. I took her bundle and followed her up the steps.

"Father was in the village, and I sat mother in his chair, and pulled off her bonnet and shawl, and fetched her cap and apron, and got her a cup of tea.

"Her face spoke she had no good news, and I daredn't ask.

"'Phœbe, I've nought to tell ye;' she was half-crying with vexation. 'I've broke my word to ye, darling, but it warn't fault of mine.'

"And then I heard how she'd seen Stacey's cousin, Mrs. Green, a well-to-do person she said. Stacey had come home in the *Niger*, but he'd only stayed two days in London, and had gone back to Portsmouth. Mother stopped here, and looked at me. But the sudden joy of hearing that he was alive and in England swept away my fears.

"'Did you hear how he looked, mother dear?'

"I'd poured out a cup of tea for her; instead of answering me, she turned away and drank it. I wanted to see her face, and I thought she'd never raise it from her teacup.

"'Look here, Phœbe'—she didn't look at me, she began to play with her teaspoon; 'don't be angry, but I'm doubting if Stacey's all we thought him. One went to London with me, lass, who'll bring us news from Portsmouth to-morrow.'

"A sudden new light came to me.

"'Mother, if you've sent Thomas to spy out Stacey's actions, he'll bring ye false news; I'll not believe a word.'

"It was wicked and ungrateful, too, after mother's great kindness. Ah, my lass, if you could know how every sharp word you've given your mother 'ull stick when she's gone from you, maybe ye'd not be so ready with 'em.

"I hardly spoke to mother these two days; it seemed to me she'd done a wrong to Stacey.

"What right had we to judge him? No doubt he had business at Portsmouth, and was waiting to end it, so as not to leave me again; and suppose he should find Thomas out, it would seem as if I had set a spy to watch him. I was mad with anger.

"Next evening came, but not Thomas. The morning after, I'd gone down to Pratt's shop for mother; as I passed our window, coming in, I heard voices. Father was always in the workshop at that time o' day. I went cold and hot, Jessie, something told me my fate was come on me.

"I walked into the kitchen boldly, but I knew my cheeks were white, and my head swam round and round.

"Thomas and I looked at each other, but he only spoke to mother.

"'I'll go, Mrs. Hawtrey. You'll tell her best alone.'

"Jessie, it was as if the evil one got loose in me. I flamed up scarlet. I could have struck Thomas.

"'You mean fellow?' I said, 'to bring a false tale here of an honester man than yourself, and then not to have courage to stand by it.'

"Thomas looked at me, deep down into my eyes, till I could not bear the firm, strong gaze of him. I'd often thought him manful and sturdy, but I'd never feared him as his look made me fear him now, and yet he spoke tenderer than mother even.

"'My poor girl, I'll tell you the tale if you wish. It's your sorrow, Phœbe, I can't face.'

"'Tell away,' I said, as hard as a stone.

"Did he think I would show my sorrow before him?

"I grew cold while I listened. My lover—my Charles, as I called him—was married a fortnight past to a girl he'd promised himself to before he ever saw me; and worse than that, there was more than one that claimed him—girls he'd made believe he loved.

"Something in the quiet, pitiful way he told it stamped it into my heart for truth, but I struggled still.

"'I'll not believe you. Mother, don't believe this false tale; who's to prove it?'

"Thomas looked at my mother. The tears were running down her cheeks.

"'Go your ways, my lad,' she said, softly. 'She'll thank you some day.'

"She did not mean me to hear; but my ears were always quick, lass. I ran after Thomas.

"'Don't think it,' I said, in my passion. 'Once I thought you a good man, though I did not love you; now I know you for the coward you are, and I despise you.'

"He went away. When I went back in the kitchen, I saw mother held a letter in her hand.

"'Take it to yourself, my poor lamb, and read it.' And then it seemed as if the kitchen went round with me, as I stood in it alone with Stacey's letter."

Phœbe paused and pulled an old letter out of her pocket.

"Last night, Jessie, your mother told me about you and Paul, and I promised her that if it was only for vanity and not for love you were so set on being with him, I'd tell you my sorrow from beginning to end. I keep this letter to correct myself with, lass. By God's blessing, it may serve your turn too." She put it into the girl's hands, and Jessie read:—

DEAR PHŒBE,—The bearer of this says you won't believe I'm married unless I send you word myself. I follow his wishes in writing this, though I believe you are far too sensible to care. As you yourself said, there never was a promise betwixt us, and I knew you felt that our little flirtation was only meant to last for our mutual amusement. But I hope you will consider me, and allow me to sign myself, your sincere friend, CHARLES STACEY.

Jessie's tears dropped fast as she gave her aunt the letter.

"Didn't Thomas come back?" she said, presently.

Phœbe shook her head; there was a half-sob in her voice as she answered—

"Never again, child. He went next day from Shireburn. I've heard he's been over twice, but each time I've been away. I'd like to ask his pardon, Jessie, but it may be we two shall never meet again."

She spoke solemnly, and the girl felt abashed.

She went up to her aunt and kissed her.

"I'll do better," she whispered. "Mother had warned me about Paul, and still I didn't mind; but I will mind her now, Aunt Phœbe."

Giving Away the Baby.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

It was the third day after my husband's funeral (said the widow,) and I was so much stunned by his sudden death that I could do nothing but sit and think over it, and try to realize how it could be so. Only the Sunday before he had been sitting with me, watching the baby as it sat in the sunshine, laughing and clapping its little hands as the shadows of the trees were flung across the bare floor and moved by the passing breeze. Now the child was sitting in the same place, the warm October sun streaming in on his bright curls and making him look so pretty—so like a picture; but his father had gone from us forever.

It seemed to me I must see his dear face once more; that he would surely lift the latch and come in, and take our child up, and say, as he often did: "Mother, what would you take for this little brother?"

Even the baby missed him, and would come and stand at my knee, calling, "Papa! papa!" until I thought my heart would break. The two eldest children were at school, the rest were out playing, so that I was quite alone. By-and-by the baby was tired of his play and came and got into my lap.

"Mamma cry—mamma mustn't," he lisped out, and wiped my wet face with his little chubby hands; but I could only hold him closer to me and then cry more bitterly.

Just then Mr. and Mrs. Lorrimer drove up in their handsome carriage. They lived not far off, and were our richest neighbors. When I had invited them in and dried my tears a little, they seemed at a loss how to begin the conversation: but Charlie had slid away from my side, and went and stood at the lady's knee, and pointing at her heavy gold bracelet, said, "Pretty, pretty," in his childish way. She took it off and gave it to him, saying:

"Won't you come to be my little boy, Charley?"

My heart took fright at once. They had no children, and I seemed to feel as plainly as if they told me that they had come for one of mine.

"No, no, mother couldn't spare him," I said, quickly snatching him away—almost rudely, I fear.

"My dear woman," began Mr. Lorrimer, "have you thought seriously of the impossibility of your getting along with five children under twelve years of age? It has required all your husband's efforts to make a living for you—now can you hope to do without him?"

"We offer," joined in his wife "to take the most helpless of your little ones, to give him all the advantages we would our own child; and surely you must see God's hand in it, that through us He intends to help you."

I need not tell you how long I withstood their arguments, but at last overcome by their entreaties, I consented to consider the matter. I never mentioned their visit to any of the children, and I had changed my mind almost every hour since I had seen them. At last, convinced that it was for the child's good, I consented to give him up. When I went to dress him to go, my resolution almost failed me. I lingered over every article I put on him, and made every dear curl over and over before I could get it to please me, and kissed his white shoulders until they were all rosy. At length he was ready, and I thought he never looked so pretty. He was full of animation, for he was old enough to know what it meant to go a

riding, and he clapped his hands and laughed at the horses as they were driven up. I handed him to his new mother (the children supposed he was to come back soon,) and he never even looked at me. Oh! how jealous my aching heart grew.

When I came back into the house, the first thing my eyes fell upon was his cradle. I could only throw myself on it and sob aloud. Then came the trial of telling the truth to the children. None of them seemed reconciled, and I felt that the worst was to come when the two oldest returned from school. I almost dreaded to meet them, especially Willie; he was like his father, so quiet and calm outwardly, but hiding beneath his apparent coldness the strongest, deepest feelings. But the others went to meet them as they came home, and I was pleasantly disappointed in the way the oldest one took it. He seemed to feel that I had done it for the best, and that he must hide his sorrow for my sake. He was more thoughtful for my comfort, and gentler than ever, only very still and grave.

The day ended, as the longest will, at last, and it came time to go to bed. I had taken Willie down-stairs to sleep near me since his father's death; the other children slept just above us. Well, when I came to lie down, there was the empty pillow! Baby had always laid his little rosy face as close to mine as he could get it, and slept with one little warm hand on my neck. All my grief broke out afresh when I thought of him. Willie raised up at last, and said, earnestly,

"Mother, it's Charlie you are crying for, isn't it?"

"Yes," I answered, "I know it's for the best; but it's so hard to give him up."

"Mother," continued the child, "when father died we know it was for the best, because God took him from us; but I've been thinking ever since we laid down how poor little Charlie must be crying for you, and how God gave him to us, to love and keep him, and now you have given him away. If He had meant him to be Mr. and Mrs. Lorrimer's baby, wouldn't He have given him to them at first?"

The child's words carried more weight with them than all the arguments of my rich neighbors. After considering a moment, I said, impulsively:

"Oh! if I only had him back, he should never go away again, no matter how poor we might be."

The moon was shining so brightly that it was almost as light as day, and presently Willie said:

"Mother, it's only half a mile across the fields, and they won't go to bed for a long time at Mr. Lorrimer's; let us go and get Charlie. Why, mother, I seem to hear him cry now."

Urged by the child's entreaties and the fond promptings of my own heart, I consented. I think I never walked half a mile so quickly in my life, and neither of us spoke until we reached the mansion. Then we stopped a moment for breath, and sure enough we could hear baby screaming at the top of his voice. We went around to the sitting-room and knocked. They seemed half frightened when they saw who it was, but asked us in politely. A hired nurse was walking up and down the floor, trying to pacify it. Mrs. Lorrimer had wearied herself out, and was lying on a lounge.

"Come to mother," Willie said, and he brought the little fellow to me at once.

How he clung to me, still sobbing, yet smiling all the while to find himself in my arms!

"I cannot give him up," I said at last when I could get my voice clear; "you must let me take him home."

They evidently thought me one of the silliest of women, but their cold words only made me the more determined, and we started back in less than half an hour after we came, I carrying the baby in my arms all the way.

When I had laid him down in bed, not fast asleep, but still sobbing, and he reaching out his little hands to feel if I was there, I said:

"God helping me, come what will, I will never part with one of my living children again!" And I never did.

I have no need to tell how wild with joy the rest of the children were when they found the baby in bed next morning; and from that day forth it was their greatest pleasure to amuse Charlie and have him with them.

When the affair came to be known, many blamed me, and many favors that my rich neighbors might have done me, they withheld, I think for my folly, as they called it. But a few poor women, like myself, who had always nursed their own children, said I did right. We had many trials, and often not a crust of bread in the house; but our hardships only bound us the more closely together.

All my children proved comforts and blessings to me. God took care of one for me; but as Willie said, we knew that it was for the best. The rest married in the course of time and left me; but the prop of my old days, the one whose industry and management gave me this plentiful and comfortable home, has never left me since the day I gave him away.

A French Miser.

The misers of Paris are not all on the stage or in novels. One of them owns a house which he rents out piecemeal, furnished.

Lately, a literary man came to him for a floor.

"What is your business?" inquired the landlord.

"A literary man."

"Well, that sort of thing don't make much noise, or shake the foundations. And you are absent all day?"

"On the contrary, I never go out."

"Can't let you have the place then."

"And why not?"

"Because you fellows who stay at home all day wear out the furniture."

☞ Madame De Staël cordially hated Talleyrand, and in her story of "Delphine" was supposed to have painted herself in the person of her heroine, and Talleyrand in that of a garrulous old woman. On their first meeting, the wit pleasantly remarked, "They tell me that we are both of us in your novel, in the disguise of women."

NORA.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

The climbing vines twined up and hid the wall,
Ran o'er and o'er the wall
Of that old ruined hall,
Where Nora walked with me—
The winds made music through the beeches tall,
Blowing up from the sea.

The summer sunbeams fell upon her face,
As through that shady place
She walked in quiet grace,
And lifted her brown eyes
Where, twining their green arms in close embrace,
You oaks and maples rise.

And all the glory of those summer days
Swam o'er in golden haze,
And lighted up the ways
Where she beside me trod,
And the blue sky grew jubilant with praise,
Bird-anthems sung to God.

Now on the wall grow ripe the purple grapes,
And clinging ivy drapes
With its fantastic shapes
The ruined hall of stone,
And one bright seraph looking downward weeps
That I must walk alone.

The yellow bees go humming all the day,
And through the meadows stray
Young children at their play,
Gath'ring their posy-bands,
And crushing blossoms brighter than in May,
Within their dimpled hands.

They wander gayly by the singing brook,
And pause at each fair nook,
To watch, with anxious look,
Some wild flower in the grass,
Some tiny bud, which other friends forsook,
That brightens as they pass.

Time was, sweet souls, when I was glad as ye—
When Nora walked with me,
And looking on the sea
We bowed our heads at prayer,
Blessing the very winds that swept the lea,
And lifted up her hair.

My heart grows weary as I watch your play,
For ever, far away,
I see the sunshine stray,
Kissing a moss-grown stone,
Above my Nora's brow, ah, well-a-day!
And so my heart makes moan.

If I would pull the lush red strawberries,
Or dimple with my knees
The flower-bespangled leas,
I miss her low-voiced calls,
And when I gather May-blooms for the bees,
No shadow near me falls.

Play on, sweet souls, and I will make my moan,
In such low-whispered tone,
That, walking all alone,
I shall not pain your ears,
And only flowers about this hall of stone
Will spring up from my tears.

My Late Senatorial Secretaryship.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I am not a private secretary to a Senator any more, now. I held the berth two months in security and in great cheerfulness of spirit, but my bread began to return from over the waters, then—that is to say, my works came back and revealed themselves. I judged it best to resign. The way of it was this. My employer sent for me one morning tolerably early, and, as soon as I had finished inserting some conundrums clandestinely into his last great speech upon finance, I entered the presence. There was something portentous in his appearance. His cravat was untied, his hair was in a state of disorder, and his countenance bore about it the signs of a suppressed storm. He held a package of letters in his tense grasp, and I knew that the dreaded Pacific mail was in. He said:

"I thought you were worthy of confidence."

I said: "Yes, sir."

He said: "I gave you a letter from certain of my constituents in the state of Nevada, asking the establishment of a post office at Baldwin's Ranch, and told you to answer it, as ingeniously as you could, with arguments which should persuade them that there was no real necessity for an office at that place."

I felt easier. "Oh, if that is all, sir, I *did* do that."

"Yes, you *did*. I will read your answer, for your own humiliation:

"'WASHINGTON, Nov. 24, 1867.

"'*Messrs. Smith, Jones, and others.*

"'GENTLEMEN: What the mischief do you suppose you want with a post office at Baldwin's Ranch? It would not do you any good. If any letters came there, you couldn't read them, you know; and, besides, such letters as ought to pass through, with money in them, for other localities, would not be likely to *get* through, you must perceive at once; and that would make trouble for us all. No, don't bother about a post office in your camp. I have your best interests at heart, and feel that it would only be an ornamental folly. What you want is a nice jail, you know—a nice, substantial jail and a free school. These will be a lasting benefit to you. These will make you really contented and happy. I will move in the matter at once. Very truly, etc.,

"'MARK TWAIN,

"'For James W. Nye, U. S. Senator.'

"That is the way you answered that letter. Those people say they will hang me, if I ever enter that district again; and I am perfectly satisfied they *will*, too."

"Well, sir, I did not know I was doing any harm. I only wanted to convince them."

"Ah. Well, you *did* convince them, I make no manner of doubt. Now, here is another specimen. I gave you a petition from certain gentlemen of Nevada, praying that I would get a bill through Congress incorporating the Methodist Episcopal Church of the State of Nevada. I told you to say, in reply, that the creation of such a law came more properly within the province of the State Legislature; and to endeavor to show them that, in the present feebleness of the religious element in that new commonwealth, the expediency of incorporating the church was questionable. What did you write?

"WASHINGTON, Nov. 24, 1867.

"'*Rev. John Halifax and others.*

"'GENTLEMEN: You will have to go to the State Legislature about that little speculation of yours—Congress don't know anything about religion. But don't you hurry to go there, either; because this thing you propose to do out in that new country isn't expedient—in fact, it is simply ridiculous. Your religious people there are too feeble, in intellect, in morality, in piety—in everything, pretty much. You had better drop this—you can't make it work. You can't issue stock on an incorporation like that—or if you could, it would only keep you in trouble all the time. The other denominations would abuse it, and "bear" it, and "sell it short," and break it down. They would do with it just as they would with one of your silver mines out there—they would try to make all the world believe it was "wildcat." You ought not to do anything that is calculated to bring a sacred thing into disrepute. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves—that is what *I* think about it. You close your petition with the words: "And we will ever pray." I think you had better—you need to do it.

"'Very truly, etc.,

"'MARK TWAIN,

"'For James W. Nye, U. S. Senator.'

"*That* luminous epistle finishes me with the religious element among my constituents. But that my political murder might be made sure, some evil instinct prompted me to hand you this memorial from the grave company of elders composing the Board of Aldermen of the city of San Francisco, to try your hand upon—a memorial praying that the city's right to the water-lots upon the city front might be established by law of Congress. I told you this was a dangerous matter to move in. I told you to write a non-committal letter to the Aldermen—an ambiguous letter—a letter that should avoid, as far as possible, all real consideration and discussion of the water-lot question. If there is any feeling left in you—any shame—surely this letter you wrote, in obedience to that order, ought to evoke it, when its words fall upon your ears:

"'WASHINGTON, Nov. 27, 1867.

"'*To the Hon. Board of Aldermen, etc.*

"'GENTLEMEN: George Washington, the revered Father of his Country, is dead. His long and brilliant career is closed, alas! forever. He was greatly respected in this section of the country, and his untimely decease cast a gloom over the whole community. He died on the 14th day of December, 1799. He passed peacefully away from the scene of his honors and his great achievements, the most lamented hero and the best beloved that ever earth hath yielded unto Death. At such a time as this, *you* speak of water-lots!—what a lot was his!

"'What is fame? Fame is an accident. Sir Isaac Newton discovered an apple falling to the ground—a trivial discovery, truly, and one which a million men had made before him—but his parents were influential, and so they tortured that little circumstance into something wonderful, and, lo! the simple world took up the shout, and, in almost the twinkling of an eye, that man was famous. Treasure these thoughts.

"'Poesy, sweet poesy, who shall estimate what the world owes to thee!

"Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow—
And everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go.

"Jack and Gill went up the hill
To draw a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after.

For simplicity, elegance of diction, and freedom from immoral tendencies, I regard those two poems in the light of gems. They are suited to all grades of intelligence, to every sphere of life—to the field, to the nursery, to the guild. Especially should no Board of Aldermen be without them.

"'Venerable fossils! write again. Nothing improves one so much as friendly correspondence. Write again—and if there is anything in this memorial of yours that refers to anything in particular, do not be backward about explaining it. We shall always be happy to hear you chirp.

"'Very truly, etc.,

"'MARK TWAIN,

"'For James W. Nye, U. S. Senator.'

"That is an atrocious, a ruinous epistle! Distraction!"

"Well, sir, I am really sorry if there is anything wrong about it—but—but—it appears to me to dodge the water-lot question."

"Dodge the mischief! Oh!—but never mind. As long as destruction must come now, let it be complete. Let it be complete—let this last of your performances, which I am about to read, make a finality of it. I am a ruined man. I *had* my misgivings when I gave you the letter from Humboldt, asking that the post route from Indian Gulch to Shakspeare Gap and intermediate points, be changed partly to the old Mormon trail. But I told you it was a delicate question, and warned you to deal with it deftly—to answer it dubiously, and leave them a little in the dark. And your fatal imbecility impelled you to make *this* disastrous reply. I should think you would stop your ears, if you are not dead to all shame:

"'WASHINGTON, Nov. 30, 1867.

"'*Messrs. Perkins, Wagner, et al.*

"GENTLEMEN: It is a delicate question about this Indian trail, but, handled with proper deftness and dubiousness, I doubt not we shall succeed in some measure or otherwise, because the place where the route leaves the Lassou Meadows, over beyond where those two Shawnee chiefs, Dilapidated-Vengeance and Biter-of-the-Clouds, were scalped last winter, this being the favorite direction to some, but others preferring something else in consequence of things, the Mormon trail leaving Mosby's at three in the morning, and passing through Jawbone Flat to Blucher, and then down by Jug-Handle, the road passing to the right of it, and naturally leaving it on the right, too, and Dawson's on the left of the trail where it passes to the left of said Dawson's, and onward thence to Tomahawk, thus making the route cheaper, easier of access to all who can get at it, and compassing all the desirable objects so considered by others, and, therefore, conferring the most good upon the greatest number, and, consequently, I am encouraged to hope we shall. However, I shall be ready, and happy, to afford you still further information upon the subject, from time to time, as you may desire it and the Post Office Department be enabled to furnish it to me.

"'Very truly, etc.,

"'MARK TWAIN,

"'For James W. Nye, U. S. Senator.'

"There—now, *what* do you think of that?"

"Well, I don't know, sir. It—well, it appears to me—to be dubious enough."

"Du—leave the house! I am a ruined man. Those Humboldt savages never will forgive me for tangling their brains up with that inhuman letter. I have lost the respect of the Methodist Church, the Board of Aldermen—"

"Well, I haven't anything to say about that, because I may have missed it a little in their cases, but I *was* too many for the Baldwin's Ranch people, General!"

"Leave the house! Leave it forever and forever, too!"

I regarded that as a sort of covert intimation that my services could be dispensed with, and so I resigned. I never will be a private secretary to a Senator again. You can't please that kind of people. They don't know anything. They can't appreciate a party's efforts.—*The Galaxy.*

TWICE MARRIED:

OR,

The Old Mountain Castle.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY FRANCES A. SHAW.

CHAPTER IV.

A quarter of an hour later Saddeo again knocked at his master's door, and walked with his usual half-prying, half-stupid air into the apartment. The Marchese still sat at his writing-table with an open book before him, but the sharp eye of the servant saw that he was not reading.

"All was arranged, your excellency," he said, "and all ended as I had thought. The tower-door was left open, the wine with the sleeping powder set before me, I made a pretence of drinking it, then feigning myself intoxicated, I staggered to my sleeping chamber, and tumbled into bed like a log of wood. Very soon that cursed hag Barbara bent over me, took away my keys, and before one could have repeated three *pater nosters*, back she was in my room, accompanied by the Austrian captain. She conducted him into the garden, and then all was still."

The Marchese started involuntarily from his chair, bit his lips, and was silent.

"I remained lying down a while longer until all three were in the garden. Then I slipped off my boots, crept to the door and listened."

"You heard all?"

"All, your excellency," replied Saddeo, and then he told the story in his own way; in the main, however, conforming to truth. In conclusion he said: "The Marchesa shot like an arrow into her own apartments. I then crept again to bed, and the comedy played on. And there I heard that the captain will write to my lady, and that old witch Barbara will take his letter from the stone by the well. Would it not please you, sir, to have me wring the old hag's neck?"

The Marchese, who appeared not to have heard this last question, now rose in an emotion he could no longer conceal. He paced several times up and down the whole length of the room, talking in an excited manner to himself. Suddenly he seemed to recollect that he was not alone.

"You have nothing further to relate?" he asked, looking sharply at Saddeo.

"Would you hear more?" returned the fellow, with a sly leer of his one eye, and a malicious twisting of the corners of his mouth. But finding that his master was in no humor for jest, he added in a deferential tone: "Is it your pleasure, Herr Marchese, that I bring you the letter?"

"I will not see the letter," replied the Marchese. "I only wish to know whether he writes it, and it is received. I desire you to be very observing and vigilant. Go to bed now, Saddeo. Good-night."

"May you sleep well, Herr Marchese," said the servant, and glided from the room. He was not in the best frame of mind. The manner in which the Marchese treated this thing did not please him. His anger, too, against old Barbara and the captain knew no bounds. He longed for revenge, and finally went to sleep with a curse upon them both between his teeth.

Up in the tower-chamber, at the same hour, the lamp burned, and it continued to burn long after the moon went down. Eugene sat at the table, and wrote upon a sheet which he had torn from his note-book. Long he remained undecided whether he should write or not. He did not fear the Marchesa's threat of exposing any further intrusion on his part to the Marchese, but he had a horror of being misunderstood, and deemed forward and inquisitive. And in what an equivocal light must she behold him, for he scarce knew what he had said to her in the garden, or if she had rightly understood. It was intolerable thus to separate from her, to leave this house and to think that he, perhaps the only one who could have restored her to life and freedom, had drawn back after the first failure. And so he wrote as his heart dictated, with plain, soldierly directness, first excusing his intrusion, and then urging her not to give up her life for lost. He knew only a few of the motives which had urged her to seek this fearful solitude. But as fortune had made him a witness of her sorrowful life, he could not return into the world and leave her to this voluntary death, before it had been proved that for the sorrow thus wasting away her young existence, there was no cure. He told her how long he had cherished her image, yet he assured her that it was no selfish passion which urged him now to offer her this service. He had no higher wish than to see her go forth from this deadly air into a life of happiness and peace. He begged her in conclusion, to say to him in writing, if he should speak with her mother, whose duty it was to save her only child. Then he signed the letter with his full name, folded it, and sealed it with his own seal ring.

Late in the night he took the letter down to the well, and carefully laid it under the stone. The night coolness did him good. He let down the bucket, and drew up a fresh draught. Then he sat for a long time upon the rim of the well, and looked sadly through the bars of the iron fence into the dark garden. He thought over all he had written. No word would he recall. And yet he felt a strange inclination to take up the letter and destroy it. At last, to cut short this painful hesitation, he returned to his chamber and sought to sleep.

The day following was foggy and sultry. A heavy sirocco drove the vapors of the sea up into the mountains, and through the thick mist the sun could not penetrate. Under the platane by the well it seemed that it would never be day.

"What an early riser you are getting to be, old hurricane!" said Saddeo, as coming down from the tower-chamber, with the captain's boots, he found Barbara at the well. "And yesterday you took a long walk, and had a nice time gossipping with a stranger."

"Perhaps you dreamed it, old mountain rat," returned Barbara. "You snored so loud last night, that the walls threatened to fall down over your head."

"God be praised!" said the fellow, with a jeering laugh, "I slept the sleep of the righteous. If one has a bad conscience, he's awake even upon a bed of down."

"We know you!" replied the old woman. "A glowing coal would not burn you, such a true son of the evil one as you are. Only go your own way, and leave honest people in peace. They say that good words do not break the teeth; but I would die sooner than say a good word to you."

She filled her pitcher quickly, and carried it into the house. "I wonder if he noticed anything," she muttered to herself. "It is not my time to go to the well, and when he walked out of the door I was just putting the letter into my pocket. Ah, well! if Heaven will help, the devil, with his long nose, must leave." Oh, poor, sad heart! There she goes, up and down, without rest, as usual. "Frau Marchesa!" and she knocked with her crooked, old fingers upon the door of her mistress' chamber. "She would have me believe that she sleeps, but Barbara is not so easily deceived. She is offended because I let the captain into the garden. She will not see me; and yet she must know that no mortal thinks so much of her, or so seeks her good, as this ugly old creature of a Barbara. Wait, I will shove the letter under the door. Then she may take it or not, I wash my hands.

Said, done. The letter was pushed so far into the chamber that it could not fail to be seen. Then, with an air of great satisfaction, the old woman seated herself at her spinning-wheel near the window, through whose broken blinds were creeping the first gray beams of dawn. As she spun, she hummed to herself the song from the Donna Lombarda. But suddenly the door of the sleeping-chamber opened, and her young mistress stood before her.

"Barbara," she said, firmly but sadly, "I had concluded to say nothing to you in regard to your foolish proceedings of yesterday evening; I knew that you meant well, and therefore forgave you. But you are carrying matters too far; and now I tell you, that if you again attempt anything of this kind, we separate. As for this stranger, I feel for him more sorrow than anger, and therefore shall not betray him to the Marchese. He would not leave this castle alive, if my husband knew of this letter. But things cannot thus remain. Go directly to Friar Ambrozio, and beg him to come to me immediately."

The old woman stared at her mistress with mouth and eyes wide open.

"In God's name, lady," she said, "why send for Friar Ambrogio?"

"Silence," commanded the Marchesa. "I repeat to you: If you exchange the slightest sign, a nod, or wink even, with that stranger, you shall never again come into my presence. Now hasten and bring the old friar, I have much to say to him. By noon he must be here."

Then, without waiting a reply, the lady went back to her chamber, and closed the door. The old woman knew her mistress well enough to be conscious that nothing remained for her but to obey; so, with sighs and groans, she set out, forgetting even to take along her snuff-box. Saddeo, whom she met in the court, saw from her perturbed manner that all was not right; that the letter which he had been careful to read before dawn, had not had the desired effect. As Barbara could not leave the castle without his permission, she told him of the hasty command of her mistress. After racking his brains to no purpose over this peremptory summons of the Capuchin friar, he concluded for this once, to do his duty blindly, and to report the latest items of information to his master.

He found the Marchese with a weary, anxious expression of countenance, standing at a window, as if he had long waited him. He listened to the intelligence brought by his servant, as if he had fully made up his mind in regard to this, and other things also.

"Saddeo," he said, while he placed letters and money in a small casket, "we leave this place in an hour. You will accompany me. Go directly to my wife and inform her. How long I shall remain away, is uncertain; perhaps months. If she has a wish I can gratify, or any grievance I can redress, she will let me know. Why do you stand there and gape at me?"

"Herr Marchese," faltered the fellow, who stood staring like an idiot at his master; "you would—you could—but that is entirely impossible."

"After you have seen the Marchesa, pack my trunks. Take only the most necessary articles. Go now, and do not keep me waiting."

After giving this command to his servant, the Marchese closed the casket, and threw himself in deep exhaustion upon the lounge. Long he remained lying there, his eyes fixed

upon the door, and every sense strained to catch some sound from without. But he heard nothing save the ticking of Gino's watch, which lay upon the table near the casket.

At length he perceived steps in the antechamber; steps, whose light, hesitating fall, suddenly roused him from his reclining position. With his right hand, he supported himself against the arm of the lounge; the left, he pressed upon his heart, which seemed about bursting.

There was a light knock upon the door. With a voice scarcely audible, he answered, "Come in." The door opened, and the Marchesa walked over the threshold.

The husband was shocked at the paleness of her young face, which, for a long time, he had seen only in the gray twilight of the castle chapel. Now, the cold glitter of day fell upon it. In a timid, appealing glance, her dark eyes were raised to his. But suddenly her cheeks were suffused with a deep glow. She might have seen what lay near the casket.

She stepped back as if she had strayed into the wrong apartment. Then she remained leaning against the door-post, and summoned up all her strength.

"You are about to leave the castle, my husband," she said, grasping the cross which hung upon her breast. "I have no right to ask why you go, or where. But your sudden departure for Milan makes me fearful that something has happened to my mother. In a dream not long since, I saw her dying. In pity tell me whether or not my dream has come true."

"I hope the Countess is well," the Marchese replied with a powerful effort at self-control. "At least, I have no intelligence to the contrary. There are other reasons which urge me to travel. As I may remain a long time away, I would know before I leave if this air agrees with you. You look pale, Giovanna. If a longer residence in this confined place seems intolerable to you, say so frankly, and I will make arrangements for you to pass the winter in Venice. The moist sea-breezes of that city would, doubtless, do you good.

"I thank you," she said, and her voice quivered. "I do not deserve so much kindness and consideration. Leave me where I am, I would die nowhere but in this solitude. Yet, if you have an ear for a request from me, do not set out to-day. Delay your departure until to-morrow or the day after."

"For what reason?" he asked.

"I would rather not tell you," she replied. "If you would only believe me that it would be better——but you are right; your confidence would be too great a boon for me."

He was silent, but his eyes were fixed upon her downcast lashes.

"I must speak at all hazards," she continued. "I was intending to confide this matter to Friar Ambrozio, and ask his advice. Not respecting my duty to you. That I need no one to teach me. But I wished to know if there were not some safe way to deal with a third person concerned, without troubling you. As you are to leave so soon, nothing now remains but to submit all to your generous consideration."

"Of whom do you speak, Giovanna?"

She drew a step nearer, and closed the door behind her. "A guest is in the house," she said, "who, without my knowledge or consent, has learned something of our unhappy life under this roof. He found means to speak to me by night, in the garden. I plainly told him that I would not forgive a second intrusion on his part. But now a foolish, almost insane sympathy with my lot, which he knows only from the outside, has induced him to write me this letter. Read it, my husband, and it will show you why I do not wish you to leave me here alone with this presuming man. I wished to make him take an oath before Father Ambrozio never to speak to a living soul of what he had heard and seen here. That, or whatever proceeding you may think best, is now your affair. But, upon my knees, let me implore you not to deal rashly or severely with this stranger. He means well, but he does not know that I wish nothing better than is here provided for me."

Now, for the first time, as the Marchese held the letter in his trembling hands, and stood with eyes rivetted upon its contents, she turned to look at him. The perfect mastery he had gained over himself, kept his powerful emotion so repressed, that not a trace of it was visible upon his countenance. He said, at length, in an unimpassioned voice, as if this was a matter of the utmost indifference to him:

"I find this letter very sensible. The writer certainly sees the position of things from the outside; but therefore so much the more impartially. You do him wrong in taking him for half insane. In fact, the thought has more than once occurred to me that things cannot go on in this way. I have no wish to lay the crime of cold-blooded murder upon my soul, and I shall be guilty of this if I suffer you to lead this life much longer."

"Certainly," said she, "I shall die, but you have no fault in this, my husband. And if you had, I would thank you for it, for I have nothing more in life to hope for."

"You are young, Giovanna. The shadow which has fallen upon your life will lighten. What has happened will at length fade from your memory, and your heart will be at rest. You will one day wonder how you so long existed in this dull solitude, and if I, I who am so much older than you, then die and leave your hand again free, the hand which I never should have taken, for well I knew that your heart turned from me—"

"You were not to blame," she said, interrupting him. "I never told you that I loved another before I ever saw you."

"But I knew it. I saw it with my own eyes. Passion blinded me. I hoped when you were mine, and saw the earnestness and strength of my affection, that I might at last drive my rival from the field. I might have known that a first love in a heart like yours would take the deepest root. Then came all as it must come, as my knowledge of the world might have led me to expect."

"No, my husband," replied the Marchesa, and her voice was tremulous, while her large, dark eyes gazed mournfully into his face. "You do yourself wrong in saying that what has happened is nothing out of the ordinary course of events. I was indeed very young when betrothed to you, but not too young [illegible]

to know your worth, to see how much nobler and better you were than he to whom I had given my childish heart. Between us I placed a deadly sin; but believe me that sin was in continuing to love Gino when I was your lawful wife, and had no right to let my heart wander from its true allegiance. I was guilty of much. The vows I plighted you at God's sacred altar were perjury, for I did not love you—my daily life in your home was a lie; but in the sense in which you thought me guilty, by the holy Madonna, I swear I was not. I have tried to tell you this before, but you would not listen. Even had you heard, you would not have believed. You will not now believe my explanation of that strange midnight visit. Gino was about to leave the country. He knew that he would not be permitted to enter your house by day, and so, under cover of the darkness, he came to bid me farewell forever. I do not blame you for thinking the worst of one who has proved herself so little worthy of your confidence and esteem.

"I thank you from my inmost heart for having listened to me so patiently. I thank you that you have not left me alone in this solitude with my remorse and sorrow, but have shared its air with me, and have made yourself an exile from the world for my sake. I shall not return to my former life. There is in me now a distaste for all those frivolities and gayeties upon which once my heart was set. And what have I to hope for in a world where I can never live for you?

"One hope I still cherish. One request I have still to make of you, my husband. Do not go far away, for when I die I would have you come to me. Come, and if I can no longer speak, but can only gaze upon you, know what the glance means which in that last, solemn hour flies to you—to you whom I have learned all too late to love—and then only lay your hand upon my forehead and say, '*Giovanna, I have forgiven you.*'"

The Marchese was silent, but his eyes were closed, and his powerful frame shook, as if struggling with an overmastering emotion. "No," said he at last. "I cannot do that, Giovanna. It is asking too much."

"What, my husband!" cried the young wife with a glance of despair, and stepping back as if in mortal terror.

"I cannot wait until you die to say that to you," he stammered, and suddenly opened his arms, while a stream of tears gushed from his eyes. Half blindly, he groped his way to her, murmuring disconnected words: "My wife—my poor wife!—forgive—come to my breast—be mine—let me be thine—God—all merciful God—let us only survive this hour, and then praise Thee—eternally!"

He reached after her hands. But she had fainted upon the threshold. Excess of joy seemed to have deprived her of life. He sought to raise her up, but let her again sink down, kneeled beside her, and drew her beautiful head to his breast, covering forehead and lips with tears and kisses. "Wake up," he cried in her ear, "we now just begin to live; we have well earned the right once more to be happy; let us lose no time. I would hoard every minute, for I have lost years. Wake, Giovanna, my poor, beloved wife, wake up!"

She slowly opened her eyes, but she could not speak. Calmly, but very earnestly, she looked into his face, as if she would fain read from his eyes if this were indeed real. "Will it continue to the end?" she at length found strength to ask.

"Until death parts us, Giovanna," he replied. "I now give you the first kiss of betrothal; this day you become my bride. You have suffered much, but my full, deep love shall wash away all your sorrow—all your bitter memories. You are given to me as a new being, and I take you to my heart and thank God for you—God, who has newly created you for me. Now, sit up. No, wait a moment, until I lift you in my arms." So saying, he gently laid her back upon the carpet and closed her eyes with kisses. Then he rose, walked hastily to the table, and threw something which lay there out of the window, far down into the deep valley stretching beyond the castle walls.

"The air is now pure," he said, again turning to her who still lay upon the carpet, as if sleeping. "Come now, let us talk with each other like two sensible, betrothed lovers, who plan together how they will arrange their united lives."

Then he gently raised her up and carried her to his arm chair opposite the window. There he sat down and drew her upon his knee, while she, as if in a dream, with downcast eyes listened to his words, as one drinks in the strains of some rare melody. Many things he said which needed a reply. But, as she still remained silent, he spoke calmly on. And from time to time she bowed her head upon his hands and covered them with kisses.

The day had cleared after a light rain. Over the cliffs, near the stone-quarry, Eugene had wandered for hours. The rain had not refreshed him. His brow throbbed, and his eyes, to which no sleep had come the night before, wandered sadly and restlessly over the cool highland.

He had this morning seen Barbara go over the draw-bridge and take the path leading to the cloister. But she neither sang nor gave him any sign. Indeed, as chancing to turn around, she saw him standing at his window, she had, as if frightened, drawn her mantle more closely around her head and passed hurriedly on.

What could he think? Was *this* the answer to his letter, or was there some danger at hand which she, fearful of speaking to him here, would disclose up in the solitary wilderness?

Led on by this thought, he had vainly sought her for hours. At length he again turned back to the solitary hut by the stone-quarry, supposing she would await him there if she had anything to communicate.

The place appeared more desolate than ever. Not even a goat strayed past him. The spiders, whose gray webs hung from the rafters, sat sleepily in corners and waited for the sun to dry up the rain-drops, which had made sad havoc in this, their chosen domain. He threw himself into the darkest corner, and at length, weary of listening for the sound of footsteps echoing through that paleless mid-day air, he fell asleep.

The noise of a strong, driving thunder-storm awakened him after some hours. He sprang up, feeling himself relieved and freed from an unnatural depression. While he stood in the door of the hut waiting for the storm to pass over, he fixed upon a plain decision. His next business in this region was with the refusal of the Marchese to sell or vacate his property, for the reconnoissance which he had made yesterday had plainly shown to his practised eye that any fortification of the pass, which did not include the castle in its plan, would be a vain labor. Until the next morning he would await an answer to his letter. If none came, it should be to him an assurance that fortune had assigned him no part in this tragedy.

The rain ceased and he left the hut. But he often stood still and looked back, as if he expected from behind every bush to see the old woman step forth. But no Barbara appeared.

A great surprise awaited him at the castle. The massive court gate was open, and a multitude of peasant women and children stood before it, gaping through its dim archway into the great door. Within the court stood a peasant's wagon heaped with trunks and boxes, while Barbara and a sullen-looking servant-maid went back and forth from the ground floor, bringing new articles which they carefully packed upon the load. At the sight of Eugene the old woman gave an unintelligible exclamation, and nimbly climbed down from the wagon. Then calling to Martina to watch the load And not trust those thievish people, she drew the astonished young man into the house.

"Holy mother of grace! who would have thought it?" she said. "Early this morning I thought that we two should never speak another word together, for she had threatened to send me away if I even said 'good-morning' to you—and all for your letter. The Lord only knows with how many sighs I climbed up the mountain, for she looked so ghastly that I thought she surely was about to die, and wanted to confess for the last time. All the way up and back I suffered terribly from a stitch in my left side, which trouble is always sure to bring on, and all the good priest said to console me helped no more than lemonade against the ague. But when we got here and I asked, 'Where is our lady, Saddeo?' that villain answered with a countenance as if he had prophesied of the day of judgment. 'She is up in the master's room.' And I said, 'You are lying, you insolent knave, that is impossible.' 'Hum!' said he; 'impossible or not, it is true, old hurricane, and we are going away, where I hope never to see your sallow old face again.' You may imagine, dear sir, how I then with Friar Ambrozio sprang up the stairs two steps at a time, with my sixty-year old walking-sticks—and, what think you? who sat by the master, and, as we two entered unannounced, sprang upon her feet and blushed like a young betrothed thing whom one surprises with her lover? I have nothing more to say, for I know nothing more than, old as I am, I never before saw such a day.

"How this all came about Heaven only knows. I have asked Martina, but not a mortal word does she know. I did not grudge a word to even that scamp Saddeo, and he looked mighty cunning and mysterious, but I marked well that he also knew nothing, and that all his listening had been in vain. But he suddenly became as pliable as a glove. For my lady, as she came from her husband's room, and saw him at work in the court, went up and spoke a while with him, and gave him at last her hand. He held fast the hand and would have kissed it, but she would not suffer this. To me the lady spoke no word, but she was very good and gentle, and has given all the clothes which she has worn here to Martina and me.

"Then she dressed herself entirely in white which I brought her out of the lower drawer, where for three years the sun has not shone upon it. As she finished dressing, I said: 'Upon my soul you look just like a young bride.' 'I am one,' she said, 'and now come with me.' And then she walked before me up to the chapel, where the Marchese was awaiting her. And Friar Ambrozio bade the master and mistress both kneel down before the altar, and he pronounced the benediction over them as if they were now for the first time given to each other. And I fairly howled for joy. I saw how that hardened sinner Saddeo drew down the corners of his mouth and wiped his one eye, but he hadn't been crying a bit.

"Ah, dear sir! how much we have lived through, and how different things are with us now than at this time yesterday." Well, scarcely had the friar called before the Marchese rose, kissed my lady's lips, and led her out. I did not once leave her side, but I couldn't see that the Marchese had any idea of shooting me dead. He led his wife across the court, and Saddeo came to tell me that everything must be packed, for to-morrow we are to leave the castle never to return. 'This letter,' said he, 'is for the Austrian gentleman;' then he hurried after the master and mistress, who stood upon the draw-bridge taking leave of Father Ambrozio. That is all I know. Perhaps you will find the rest in the letter."

Eugene opened the letter, which contained only these words written in pencil by the hand of the Marchese:

"You are a man of honor, and should know how deeply I am indebted to you. You have been the Providential instrument in dispelling a most unhappy mistake—and in proving to a wretched husband that he was utterly mistaken in supposing that his wife did not love him. I no longer have any use for this castle, but will sell it to the government on a fair valuation, at any moment. Farewell."

An hour later as, in the evening twilight, followed by a boy carrying his baggage, Eugene slowly clambered up the mountain, he saw far below, among the white stones of the brook, some glittering object, which enticed him, he scarce knew why, to descend the dangerous by-path leading to the valley. He called to the boy to wait, and stepped hurriedly down from rock to rock, his eyes rivetted upon the shining thing. As he raised it a strange emotion akin to horror ran through his frame. He knew that he held in his hands the very watch that had measured so many bitter hours since that fatal midnight when Gino met the lady Giovanna.

He placed the watch mechanically in his pocket. But one dark, rainy night, as he was being borne in a skiff to Riva, when in the middle of the lake, he drew forth the watch and threw it overboard.

THE END.

The Wrong Woman.

Reading an article in which Mrs. Oakes Smith relates a story of a woman proposing to the wrong man, reminds me of an occurrence that happened here some twenty years since. A distinguished professor and divine from this neighborhood was on a visit to some friends east of the mountains, and was introduced to a very respectable family which had two accomplished daughters—one of them very handsome, and the other rather plain. After spending some weeks in the neighborhood, and having frequent opportunities of meeting the ladies, he became quite enamored with the younger and prettier of the sisters. He, however, returned home without showing any preference. He was a man of very sedate and studious habits, and soon became absorbed in his books, and for a time he seemed to forget his new acquaintances. But the image of one of them seemed to be continually before his mind. After having maturely considered the matter, and having, I have no doubt, sought guidance from on high, he concluded to commence a correspondence with the object of his affection. Unfortunately, or fortunately, as he afterwards stated, he addressed the wrong lady. He had got their names transposed. The correspondence finally led to an engagement. The day was fixed for the wedding, and the grave and reverend D. D. entered his appearance at the proper time. But what was his consternation to find that he was going to marry a lady he had not courted. But, being a sensible and an honorable man, he said nothing about it, believing the hand of Providence was in the matter, and was actually married to the sister of the girl he thought he had won. Time wore on; she proved to be a most amiable, intelligent and affectionate wife. He never told the story till after the younger sister was happily married. He never had reason to repent the mistake, and he to this day is firm in the belief that God so ordained it for his happiness. "All's well that ends well."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

A Proposal.

On the 14th of last February, a young gentleman residing in Leicester, sent the following Valentine to a young lady in London:

Delicate Ears And Radiant Eyes
Scatter Their Wiles In Leicester;
Leicester Your Offer Under-Buys,
Each Maiden Is Not Esther.

In the course of a few days he received this answer:

Declare, Edwin! Can Love Impart
Never Entrancement Dearer,
Will Interest Thy Hand—Thy Heart,—
And Never Kiss Sincerer?

It will be seen, on examination, that the initial verses form the words, "Dearest, will you be mine?" and those of the second, "Declined with thanks." This is the most elaborate and the most veiled way of proposing and refusing we have ever met with.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Dickens wrote: "There is nothing—no, nothing—beautiful and good, that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part, though its body be burned to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those who loved it here. Dead! Oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear! for how much charity, mercy and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!"

☞ The Development Philosophy must be right. Men did descend from animals, and that is the reason why so many animal traits are still left in the race. There are men hoggish, and men piggish. Lovers are proverbially sheepish, and dandies are proverbially puppyish. There are men that drink like a fish, and men that eat like a dragon. Some men are surly bears, some sly foxes, some slippery eels. There are people who pass current in the crowd as stupid owls, snapping turtles, obstinate mules, serpents, hawks, wolves, tigers, jackasses. Society can show you, in human form, the spread eagle, the dog in the manger, the cock of the walk, the biggest toad in the puddle. One entire tribe in the commercial world is made up of bulls, and another of bears.

☞ Russian tea is yellow and delicious, being made, it is asserted, of the blossoms of the plant instead of the leaf.

☞ The Revue National publishes the official statistics of the number of men killed in action in the wars waged during the last fourteen years. The total amounts to 1,743,491, distributed as follows: Crimea, 784,991; Italy, 45,000; Schleswig-Holstein, 3,500; North American, 281,000; South American, 519,000; war of 1866, 45,000; distant expeditions, 65,000.

☞ There is a story from California of a burglar who at midnight climbed up a chamber window and cautiously opened it. The occupant chanced to be awake, crept softly to the window, and just as the robber's face appeared, presented the smooth muzzles of two revolvers, with the injunction: "You get!" "You bet!" replied the housebreaker dropping, and running. There is no more pithy dialogue on record.

☞ The following advertisement, in an English paper, shows how the ingredients of some of the delicate sweetmeats of that kingdom are obtained: "Confectioners.—To be sold cheap, several cwt. of Orange Peel, in good condition; the advertiser having the contract for the sweepings of all the metropolitan theatres and places of amusement, is in a position to treat for it on unusually advantageous terms. Address ——"

☞ An old Marquesan chief on being told by a missionary that in Heaven there was no war, or hunger or thirst, or sickness, or death, replied, "That will be a good place for cowards and lazy folks who are afraid to fight and too lazy to climb bread-fruit and cocoanut trees."

☞ Will Mrs. S. ever speak the truth any more, ma? The big girls said that she had a new set of falsehood teeth.

☞ How to have a big time—buy a town clock.

THE FIRST CROQUET.

Ah! bright days of summer, when croquet beginning,
Makes fair lawn and garden look ten times more fair;
I took my good mallet, it cannot be sinning
To give up all work and rush out to fresh air.
How sad it is croquet's a pleasure, not duty;
How nice a profession it would be to stay
For ever on lawns smoothly rolled, and woo Beauty
In earnest, or flirt through the long summer day.

There's never a painter could mix on his pallet
The colors to rightly portray such a scene;
For yonder a maiden is wielding a mallet,
And fair is her face as the Paphian queen.
She stoops to the sward, and I fain would surrender
All chances of winning to keep by her side,
But she croquets me ruthlessly, laughs when I'm tender,
And sends me away o'er the garden so wide.

Yet I cling to the dream, and I still go on playing,
For Croquet and Cupid are ne'er far apart;
And, perchance, e'er the season has gone for the haying,
My loving persistence may win me her heart.
I'll never despair, but on days that are brightest,
I'll stray, like a moth, near my beautiful flame;
My touch when I croquet her ball shall be lightest—
If losing would win her,—I'd give up the game.

Increase of Real Estate in New York.

A life-long friend of John Jacob Astor said to him just before he died, real estate then being very dull: "Mr. Astor, don't you think you have too much real estate?" "No, sir," said the old man; "if I could begin life again, and know what I know to-day, I would buy every foot of land on the island of New York." The leases of New York run for twenty-one years. They usually include a clause for three or more renewals at the expiration of successive twenty-one years at a new valuation. Trinity Church leases all expired last year, and the difference in price over what it was twenty-one years ago, is perfectly enormous. Dr. Cheever's congregation built their church on leased property at the rate of $1,500 a year ground rent. The new valuation brings the ground rent for the next twenty-one years to the sum of $10,000 a year. Stewart's new marble store on Tenth street and Broadway, which will cover the whole block, Broadway, Bowery, Ninth street and Tenth, is built on leased ground. It is owned by the corporation of the Sailors' Snug Harbor. Many years ago Captain Randall left his farm-house and twenty-four acres of land to form a snug harbor for disabled and aged seamen. The property was then valued at about $14,000. It includes the lots on which Stewart is now building his store, and stretches away west across Broadway to Washington square. It is among the most valuable of city property. The lots on which Stewart is building were rented twenty-one years ago for $6,000 a year. The renewal takes place this year. Mr. Stewart bought up the leases and holds the renewal. He has been paying $6,000 ground rent to the Sailors' Snug Harbor. In January, 1868, the new valuation commenced, and for twenty-one years his rent will be increased from $6,000 to $50,000 a year! And so real estate goes in New York. The whole of Park Place, near City Hall, is owned by Columbia College, and those immense warehouses in and around pay tribute to the cause of education. The Dutch Church property, running from Ann street to Broadway and down toward the East River, gives the Collegiate Church an income which makes it a millionaire. While Trinity sees its domains stretching below its cathedral on Broadway, above it to Grace, and stretching out east and west like an immense fan, makes a placer richer and more valuable than the gold mines of the Old World or the New.

The American Girl.

Whoever wrote the following would do well to continue in similar strain. It is from an exchange paper:

It is the belief of certain well-meaning men, who were not born in Constantinople, that if the American girl were called on to meet a proportion of her expenses by her own labor, she would be publicly a greater blessing, and personally healthier, wiser and happier. It is even believed that her outlay, instead of increasing, would diminish. Practiced in the mystery of keeping accounts, aware by experience of the difficulty of earning money, she would be clever enough to save it. With something to do, she would put less mind, time, and purse into the pursuit of pleasure. Mated at last with a poor man (so many are incorrigibly vicious that way!) she would share his burden rather than crush him with it. If all women now were thus, we would have no cause to cry, as we are sometimes tempted to do—oh for the slow but cheap girl of thirty years since! Whether democracy is capable of some such self-saving miracle as we have indicated, remains to be seen.

AFFECTION.—In the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of watchful kindness, recurring daily and hourly, and opportunities of doing kindnesses, if sought for, that are for ever starting up—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks—that affection is won and preserved. He who neglects these trifles, yet boasts that whenever a great sacrifice is called for he shall be ready to make it, will rarely be loved. The likelihood is, that he will not make it, and, if he does, it will be much rather for his own sake than for his neighbor's.

☞ A young Indian girl, perfectly wild, was recently purchased, in Terra del Fuego, for a leg of biscuits.

Choice Extracts.

EITHER AND NEITHER.—The analogically correct pronunciation of these words is what we call the Irish one, *ayther* and *nayther;* the dipthong having the sound it has in a large family of words in which the dipthong *ei* is the emphasized vowel sound—*weight, freight, deign, rein, obeisance,* &c. This sound, too, has come down from Anglo-Saxon times, as we have already seen, the word in that language being *ægper;* and these can be no doubt that in this, as in some other respects, the language of the educated Irish Englishman is analogically correct, and in conformity to ancient custom. His pronunciation of certain syllables in *ei* which have acquired in English usage the sound of *e* long, as, for example, *conceit, receive,* and which he pronounces *conseyt, reseyve,* is analogically and historically correct. *E* had of old the sound of *a* long, and *i* the sound of *e,* especially in words which came to us from or through the Norman French. But *ayther* and *nayther,* being antiquated and Irish, analogy and the best usage require the common pronunciation *either* and *neether.* For the pronunciation *ither* and *nither,* with the *i* long, which is sometimes heard, there is not the authority either of analogy or the best speakers. It is an affectation, and, in this country, a copy of a second-rate British affectation. Persons of the best education and the highest social position in England say *either* and *neither.*

MILITARY TRAINING.—One prominent part of the training of a general is that which schools him to recognize or accept, and not waste resources in a contest with, the *inevitable.* He learns to withdraw in season from an untenable position. A great soldier, Wellington, having taken the field to give battle, found his adversary—Massena at Cantarem, in 1810—so much superior in numbers, strength of position, and preparations, than he had anticipated, that he did not believe it just to his army, and the cause he represented, to hazard a battle, and he did not hesitate to retire without striking a blow. On the other hand, history is crowded with events unfruitful, or disastrous, flowing directly from the inability of politicians to act thus wisely, or from their tendency to cling pertinaciously to a line of policy in diplomacy or politics long after its impolicy or impracticability had become patent.

Among the important events of English history, surely not the least prominent is the restoration, by Monk, of the Stuarts, in the person of Charles II. It was wrought by that soldier, unaided, in any substantial way, by any of the politicians; and more by the political ability of the general than by military art. So impenetrable was the reserve in which he wrapped his designs; so consummate the skill with which he proceeded, step by step, to his goal, that he must be regarded as superior in state-craft to any of the politicians subsequently called to the council of the king to misgovern England. The brain of Monk contrived the plan in all its details, just as the steady, soldierly hand of Monk wrought them out. Hobbes observes of this affair: "You have told me little of the general, till now in the end; but, truly, I think the bringing of his little army entirely out of Scotland, up to London, was the best stratagem extant in history."

AMERICAN POLITICS.—To practically enter into politics is an important part of American personalism. To every young man, North and South, earnestly studying these things, I should say, Understand that America goes about its development its own way—sometimes, to temporary views, appalling enough. It is the fashion among dilettants and fops to decry the whole formulation and *personnel* of the active politics of America, as beyond redemption, and to be carefully kept away from. See you that you do not fall into this error. America is doing very well, upon the whole, notwithstanding these antics of the parties and their leaders, these half-brained nominees, and the many ignorant ballots, and many elected failures and blatherers. It is the dilettants, and all who shirk their duty, who are not doing well. As for you, I advise you to enter more strongly yet into politics. I advise every young man to do so. Always inform yourself; always do the best you can; always vote. Disengage yourself from parties. They have been useful, and to some extent remain so; but the floating, uncommitted electors, farmers, clerks, mechanics, the masters of parties—watching aloof, inclining victory this side or that side—such are the ones most needed, present and future. For America, if eligible at all to downfall and ruin, is eligible within herself, not without; for I see clearly that the combined foreign world could not beat her down. But these savage, selfish parties alarm me. Owning no law but their own will, more and more combative, it behooves you to convey yourself implicitly to no party, but steadily hold yourself judge and master over all of them.—*The Galaxy.*

BEWARE of closed cast-iron stoves. The French Academy of Sciences has lately been discussing the unhealthy effects of these articles. It is said—and experiments support the assertion—that cast-iron, when heated to a certain extent, is pervious to some gases and vapors, and allows the poisonous products of coal combustion to filter through it. So that a room warmed by a cast-iron stove soon has its atmosphere vitiated by carbonic acid. They who have to sit long in apartments so heated, often complain of oppression and headaches; henceforth they may know the cause. The Academy has appointed a committee of chemists to examine and report upon the subject.

☞ An English gentleman lately called at one of the Paris post-offices to inquire how much it would cost to send himself home to England by mail. He was weighed, and after a little calculation the clerk informed him that it would cost 8,848 francs. The sum was counted out, but the police were called, and milord was led back to his hotel, and pronounced insane.

☞ The colored militia at Gallatin, Tenn., has been disbanded by order of Governor Brownlow.

☞ The peat bogs near South Bend, Ind., are to be worked for the purpose of supplying the West with cheap fuel.

Garden Walks.

We wish again to impress upon our readers that nothing makes better garden walks than coal ashes. They are of more value for this purpose than any other that they can be applied to that we know of. Where the walk requires it dig it out two or three inches—put the coarsest portion of the ashes at the bottom and the other on the top to the depth altogether of three or four or even six inches, and then roll well. These walks are always dry and pleasant to the feet, and are rarely troubled with weeds, and when they are they can be readily removed.

☞ The best man is he who can rear the best child; the best woman is she who can rear the best child. The whole virtue of the race, physical, moral, mental, comes into play in this most sweet, most arduous, most pleasing, most difficult of all the work done by mortals in this world.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been moderately active. About 12,000 bbls sold at $8,15@9 for superfine; $9,20@10,10 for extra; $10,50@12 for low grade and fancy northwest extra family; $11@12 for Penna extra family; $11,50@12 for Ohio extra family; 300 bbls of Californian at $13@13,25, and fancy brands at $13,50@15,50 ₱ bbl, according to quality. Rye Flour—100 bbls sold at $7,25@9,50 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce. 20,000 bus of prime Penna, Western and Southern red sold at $3; 3000 bus of amber at $3,05; 2000 bus of Delaware white at $3,10, and 3000 bus of Kentucky white at $3,20@3,25, according to quality. Rye—4000 bus of prime Penna sold at $2@2,10 ₱ bus. Corn—30,000 bus of prime yellow sold at $1,23@1,25; 30,000 bus of Western mixed at $1,22@1,24; 1200 bus of Western white at $1,22. Oats—20,000 bus of Western sold at 86@87c, and 12,000 bus of Penna and Southern at 90@95c ₱ bushel.

PROVISIONS—The market has been moderately active. Sales of 1200 bbls Mess Pork at $26,50@27, and prime at $25@25,50. City packed Mess Beef is selling at $20@21. Beef Hams sell at $28@30 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of 800 tcs plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 18@21c; Sides at 17@18c, and Shoulders at 14½@15c ₱ lb. Green Meats—Sales of 1000 tcs pickled Hams at 18@18½c; and salt Shoulders sold at 12½c ₱ lb. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tcs at 18½@19c ₱ lb, and kegs, in small lots, at 19½c ₱ lb. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 28@40c, and roll at 40@50c ₱ lb, according to quality. Cheese is selling at 15½@16c ₱ lb. Eggs sell at 22@24c ₱ doz.

COTTON—There has been less doing. About 1200 bales of middlings sold, in lots, at 31@31½c for Uplands, and 32@32½c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

BEESWAX—Sales of Yellow at 44@44½c ₱ lb.

COAL—The market continues dull. We quote Locust Mountain lump and steamboat at $3,50; do broken, $3,50@3,65; do egg $3,90@4,10; stove $4@4,25; red ash egg and stove $4,10@4,50; Lehigh lump, steamboat and broken, $5; do prepared, $5; do chestnut, $4,25.

FEATHERS—Sales of common and choice Western are reported at 50@55c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales at 6@8½c ₱ lb. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 7½@9c, and 20,000 lbs of halves at 11½@12c ₱ lb. Pared Peaches range at from 16@22c ₱ lb. Green Apples sell at from $4@5 ₱ bbl.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 30@40c, and Western at 50@55c ₱ lb.

IRON—Pig Iron is dull. Sales of Anthracite at $26@26 for No. 1; $25 for No. 2, and $23,50@24 ₱ ton for hard.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—1200 bus sold in lots at $5@5,50 for fair to prime Penna, and $6 ₱ bus for good to prime Western. Timothy—300 bus sold at $2,25@2,50 ₱ bus, according to quality. Flaxseed sells on arrival at $2,30 ₱ bus.

TALLOW—Sales of city rendered at 12½c, and country at 11½@12c ₱ lb.

WOOL—The market continues very quiet. Small sales at 55@60c for double extra; 50@52c for extra; 48@51c for fine; 45@48c for medium; 38@42c for coarse; 45@55c for tub, and 40@42c ₱ lb for pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1200 head. The prices realized from 10½@11½ cts ₱ lb. 300 Cows brought from $15 to 75 ₱ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 6@7½ cts ₱ lb. 1500 Hogs sold at from $13,50 to 15,00 ₱ 100 lbs.

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Answer. Because their system of doing business, buying in first hands, gives them great advantages, and their very large sales afford moderate profits.
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Answer. All Qualities and Styles are kept on hand in all the sizes.
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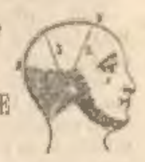

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Protestant Cow.

Paddy Murphy and his wife, Bridget, after many years of hard labor ditching and washing, had accumulated a sufficiency (beside supporting themselves and the "childers") to purchase a cow, (of course they had pigs!) which they did at the first opportunity. As it was bought of a Protestant neighbor, Paddy stopped on his way home at the house of the priest, and procured a bottle of holy water with which to exercise the false faith out of her.

"Isn't she a foine creature?" asked Pat, of the admiring Bridget. "Jest hould her till I fix the shed."

To save the precious fluid from harm, he took it into the house and sat it up in a cubboard until he had "fixed" things. Then he returned and brought the bottle back again, and while Bridget was holding the rope, proceeded to pour it upon her back.

But poor Paddy had made a slight mistake. Standing within the same closet was a bottle of *aquafortis*, that had been procured for a far different purpose, and, as it dropped upon the back of the poor cow, and the hair began to smoke and the flesh burn, she exhibited decided appearances of restlessness.

"Pour on more, Paddy," shouted Bridget, as she tugged at the rope.

"I'll give her enough, now," quoth Paddy, and he emptied the bottle.

Up went the heels of the cow, down went her head, over went Bridget and half a dozen of the "childers," and away dashed the infuriated bovine down the street, to the terror of all the mothers and the delight of the dogs.

Poor Paddy stood for a moment breathless with astonishment, and, then clapping his hands upon his hips, looked sorrowfully, and exclaimed:

"Be jabbers, Bridget, but isn't the Protestant strong in her—the baste!"

Queries to Anglers.

Can the "skate" be ever considered anything but an-ice-fish?

Did "herrings" originally come from Erin's Isle? and, if so, could they by any chance have been the first "finny'uns?"

Can "whipping" a stream account in any way for the wails of the ocean, or the sighs of the seas?

Would speculating in the "Bank" of Newfoundland be necessarily a fishy transaction?

In numbering the "ova" of some fish at millions, is not their fecundity rather "ovarated?"

Say that—as is often the case—fish were utilized as manure, would it take only one hundred and sixty "perch" for an acre of land?

Is it a matter of surprise that a whale generally ends in "blubber?"

Are fishes' scales subject to the supervision of the Inspector of Weights and Measures, and are their "gills" of imperial measure?

Is the ultimate "fin" of a fish called the "finis?"

Would it be etiquette to tell an oyster to "shell out?"

How is it that the "net" takings of the fisherman are always in reality his "gross" takings?

Describe the class of fish which are caught by coro-nets?

May a group of sperm whales be considered a "school for candle?"

An Excuse for Smoking.

In the reign of James I., of tobacco-hating notoriety, the boys of a school acquired the habit of smoking, and indulged in it night and day, using the most ingenious expedients to conceal the vice from their master, till one luckless evening, when the imps were all huddled together round the fire of their dormitory, involving each other in vapors of their own creating, lo! in burst the master and stood in awful dignity before them.

"How now," quoth the dominie to the first lad; "how dare you be smoking?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain."

"And you? and you? and you?" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn.

One had a "raging tooth," another colic, the third a cough—in short they all had something.

"Now, sirrah," bellowed the doctor to the last boy, "what disorder do you smoke for?"

Alas! all the excuses were exhausted; but the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe, after a farewell whiff, and looking up in his master's face, said, in a whining, hypocritical tone, "Sir, I smoke for corns!"

THE PARISIANS are chuckling over a story told of a young attache at Constantinople, who was invited some months ago to a dancing party given by Fuad Pacha at his sumptuous residence. At those balls our own etiquette is strictly adhered to, with the exception that the Turkish ladies remain in their apartments, where they are visited only by the fair sex. A young attache, very fond of practicing the precept of Napoleon the Great, "Nothing is impossible in this world," gave his arm to the wife of his chief and led her to the harem. When he had reached the threshold he seemed to be inclined to span it, when Fuad Pacha, who was watching all the while, came and said to him, "Pardon me, sir, you are accredited to the Porte (*door*). Your mission ends here."

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON ALLSTON.—After Washington Allston, the distinguished painter, had acquired a great reputation, a gentleman carried to him a sketch, stating that it was the work of a young man, and he wished Mr. Allston's opinion of its merits, and the promise which it indicated of future fame. Mr. Allston looked at it carefully, and then said—"If the young man has wealth, and wishes to indulge in painting as a recreation, let him do so, but he will never excel as an artist." The gentleman carried the picture away, and probably Mr. Allston was much astonished to hear subsequently that the sketch which he had condemned was one of his own earliest attempts.

☞ Why is a rooster standing on a fence like a silver half dollar? Because it is head on one side and tail on the other.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

NURSE.—"Oh! Miss Nelly! What *are* you about?"
MISS NELLY.—"I'm only dipping Dolly, like the bathing woman dips me!"

In Two Volumes.

One of the most perfect illustrations of "sauce," in its popular sense, with which we are acquainted, is conveyed in the reply once given by a French cure to his bishop. It is a regulation made by canonical law that a priest cannot keep a female servant to manage a household unless she be of the assigned age of at least forty years. It once happened that a bishop dined with a cure, at whose house the prelate had arrived in the course of a visitation-tour. On that occasion he found that they were waited on at dinner by two quict, pretty female attendants, of some twenty years each. When the diocesan and subordinate were once more alone, the former remarked on the uncanonical condition of his household, and asked the cure if he were not aware that by a rule of the church he could maintain but one menagere, who must have attained at least forty years. "I am quite aware of it, monseigneur," said the rubicund cure; "but, you see, I prefer having my housekeeper in two volumes."

Apelles, the Painter.

The art of painting probably culminated in Apelles, the Titian of his age, who united the rich coloring and sensual charms of the Ionian with the scientific severity of the Sicyonian school. He was contemporaneous with Alexander, and was alone allowed to paint the picture of the great conqueror. He was a native of Ephesus, studied under Pamphilus of Amphipolis, and when he had gained reputation he went to Sicyon and took lessons from Melanthius. He spent the best part of his life at the courts of Philip and Alexander, and painted many portraits of these great men and of their generals. He excelled in portraits, and labored so assiduously to perfect himself in drawing, that he never spent a day without practising. He made great improvement in the mechanical part of his art, and also was the first who covered his picture with a thin varnish, both to preserve it and bring out the colors. He invented ivory-black. His distinguishing excellence was grace, "that artless balance of motion and repose, springing from character, founded on propriety, which neither falls short of the demands nor overleaps the modesty of nature." His great contemporaries may have equalled him in perspective, accuracy, and finish; but he added a grace of conception and refinement of taste which placed him, by the general consent of ancient authors, at the head of all the painters of the world. His greatest work was his Venus Anadyomene, or Venus rising out of the sea, in which female grace was personified. The falling drops of water from her hair form a transparent silver veil over her form. It cost one hundred talents, and was painted for the Temple of Æsculapius at Cos, and afterward placed by Augustus in the temple which he dedicated to Julius Cæsar. The lower part of it becoming injured, no one could be found to repair it. Nor was there an artist who could complete an unfinished picture which he left. He was a man who courted criticism, and who was unenvious of the fame of rivals. He was a great admirer and friend of Protogenes of Rhodes, who was his equal in finish, but who never knew, as Apelles did, when to cease correcting.—*Dr. Lord's Old Roman World.*

The Stars.

How large are the stars, and are they alike, or do they differ in size? It used to be conjectured that they are of somewhat similar magnitude, presumably about as great as our sun, and that the differences of apparent size are due to differences of distance; but when astronomers came to discover that some of the smaller stars are the nearest to our system, this idea fell to the ground. A German computer has now, however, calculated the actual dimensions of one particular star, and finds that its mass is rather more than three times that of the sun. The star in question is of less than the fourth magnitude—a comparatively small one. What, then, must be the size of those of the *Sirius* and *Aldebaran* class! The reason of its selection for this determination was, that it is one of the components of what is called a binary system—two stars revolving about each other like sun and planet—and the motions of the members of such a system afford data for the computation. The star's distance from us is a million and a quarter times that of the earth from the sun, so that light takes twenty years to travel hither from it.

SO FAR—SO FAR AWAY.

So far away! So far away!
Thy stars are not the stars I see;
With me 'tis night, with thee 'tis day,
And day and night are one to me.
So far—so far away!

I faint beneath those wandering airs
Whose wings around the world go free;
I snatch at straws the whirlwind bears—
Touched they the land that blooms for thee
So far—so far away?

The forms that near me breathe and move
Like visions rise, like visions flee;
I cannot live to other love,
My soul has crossed the deep to thee
So far—so far away!

Earth's drooping shadows close me round,
The heavens have lost their light for me,
The voice of joy breathes not a sound,
And hope swoons dead on yonder sea
So far—so far away!

English Dandyism.

Lord E. F., captain in the 10th Hussars, sauntered one day into the Royal Arcade, Dublin. After looking about him he walked into a glover's shop and asked to see some gloves. Several parcels were shown to him and he selected a pair. While trying them on he inquired of the old lady behind the counter, what was to pay. "Two and ninepence, sir." "Two and ninepence!" he exclaimed, lifting up the eyebrows; "how much is two and ninepence?" "Three shillings, all but three pence," replied the lady, smiling. "Aw," he said, "three shillings! I see." He took out his purse and placed three shillings on the counter. The shopwoman opened the till-drawer, took from it three penny-pieces, folded them in a bit of paper, and handed them to the officer. "Your change, sir." "My change! oh! aw! yeas! very good!" He went on fitting his gloves. "Pray, have you a porter?" "There's a porter in the Arcade. Shall I call him, sir?" "Oh, thank you; too much trouble, I'm sure! aw!" "No trouble at all, sir." The old lady went to the door and beckoned to some one in the distance. A man in a faded blue and yellow livery entered the shop. "Here's the porter, sir," said the old lady. "Oh! aw! thanks, I'm sure," rejoined the officer. "My man," turning to the arcadian official, "do you know the Portobello Barracks?" "Portobello, sir? Sure an' it's meself that does. Haven't I a cousin in No. 5 troop of the Tinth Hussars?" The officer, handing a card to him, pointed to the pence on the counter, and said, "Take that luggage to my servant at this address, and here's half-a-crown for your trouble."

Gossipping.

It is not alone in small neighborhoods that scandal exclusively operates. Out in the world it interferes with a thousand things, causing unbounded troubles. In trade, in friendship, in politics, its effects are seen; and half the evils of life that one encounters is caused by the obtrusion of some hand in his dish besides his own. How much heartburning is caused by it, how much bitterness, how much hatred, how much annoyance! And yet those who meddle most are often very good people, who would not do any harm for the world, and are quite shocked at the results which their abominable interference has brought about. Every thing is heard to be repeated, and suggestions are made by them which afterwards become affirmations of your own, that do all manner of harm. And yet the meddlers do not know what they have done. They might, indeed, weep with you over crushed hopes that their very propensity has caused, and bear no malice in their hearts towards anybody; as an innocent colt might, in his excess of lovingness, kick his owner's and best friend's brains out. If people would but mind their own business, there would be less bankruptcy of comfort in society, and the machinery of life in all its departments would run more smoothly.

ONE very busy day John was sent to school to be put out of the way. At night he came home, and jumped astride of his mother's lap.

"Ma, what did you do to-day without no pud-muddle and a Johnny to wade in it?"

"I missed you," his mother said.

"Ha! you'll find out how much worth I am in this house."

AGRICULTURAL.

Poultry in Large Numbers.

The agricultural papers frequently contain articles from poultry keepers, showing certain profits from a given number of hens—from 10 to 100 generally. The writers give figures to show their alleged profits, which we often consider to be false, as we know from extensive experience, about how many eggs can be obtained from fowls, no matter what the breed is, and the expense to keep them.

The best breed of fowls, if not allowed to sit, will not average over about 100 eggs each in a year; and if we take 20 pullets and two cocks, with the best accommodations, and the best of care, in no case can one expect to obtain over 2,000 in the full year, if no chickens are raised. Now, let us figure a little:

The 2,000 eggs, at the best market rates, would sell for, say two cents each, $40.

Now comes the cost of keeping. A hen will eat a gill of grain a day. Corn and oats are as cheap feed as can be obtained. Corn at the east, where the price of eggs is fixed, is worth from $1 to $1.25 a bushel, and oats about 60 cents. Each hen requires, say 45 quarts of this grain in a year, half of each, which is worth mixed, 45 quarts, $1.25. The 20 hens and two roosters would, therefore, cost per year, $27.50. This leaves a profit of $12.50 on the 22 fowls, provided that none die, and that the trouble of taking care of them is not estimated at all, nor the expense of carrying the eggs to market. Our experience is that ten per cent. of every breed of fowls, on an average, die of some disease, from April 1st to December 1st. Every fowl keeper knows this to be the case, taking a series of years together, when the fowls are kept in small numbers; but when kept in large numbers, the mortality among them increases in the ratio of the number kept and *roosted together*.

Now, if we deduct the value of two fowls—the probable decrease in the above lot of 22—from $12.50—rating them at $1 each—we have a profit of $10.00 on the fowls, and all of our trouble and labor in taking care of them and taking their eggs to market, is not brought into the account.

It may be said that fowls will generally pick up enough food around a farmer's barn, partially to support them, and that the refuse of the table is often as much as a few fowls will require as food. We admit all of that, and it is in such cases that a *few* fowls show the greatest gains; but we are now showing what profits may be expected from keeping poultry, when all their feed has to be bought.

We are often asked the question, "Cannot a man make a living by keeping fowls as a business, to sell the eggs and raise all the chickens he can, to be sold in the fall?" or of that tenor. We answer, *no man has ever yet done it.* Scores have tried it, both in this country and in Europe, and met disaster in every case; and the disaster lies in the fact, that when a large number of fowls are congregated together, disease *will take place*, and sweep like a contagion through the whole flock. This has been the result in every case where the experiment of keeping from 500 to 2,000 fowls has been attempted.

Again, fowls require fresh meat daily, in order to thrive. These 20 or 40 fowls will obtain a supply in worms and insects, when they have the range of an acre or two around a farm house; but when 100, or more, are kept, the range is too small to enable them to obtain a supply of such insects, even if given a whole farm to range over, for the reason that they will not generally go over 30 or 40 rods from their home, at least the most of the fowls will stay about their yard, and thus fail to obtain sufficient worms and other insects, in consequence of their numbers, to lay well and be healthy.

If it were practical to have separate yards and roosts for each 100 hens, giving an acre of range to each, with shade, running water, etc., one could keep as many fowls as he desired, and not lose annually, perhaps, over 15 per cent. by mortality; but to keep two or three thousand fowls on this plan, would occupy too much space, and require too much labor to take care of them. If fed on fresh meat, however, enough to supply the place of insects usually gathered, smaller yards would answer, even a quarter of an acre to each 100 fowls.

Their roosting places, in summer and winter, should have windows so placed as to allow a current of fresh air to pass directly through them, at the same height as their perches, as the fowls will become diseased, more or less, if this is not done. In very cold weather in winter, these windows should be partially closed before the fowls go to roost, and opened in the morning. We have had our fowls become diseased, from the want of pure air, too many times, not to know what we say is true; and to have a large number of fowls roost in an underground cellar, under a barn on the side of a hill, unless the south side be left *entirely open*, would result in disease and loss.

In conclusion, we say, let no man be so unwise as to purchase a large number of fowls, with a view to making money by keeping them. If one attempts to enter into this business at all, it should be by slow and sure degrees, commencing with from 50 to 100 fowls, and increasing the number no faster than he could do so safely, and ensure them exemption from the contagious diseases, that cause all the trouble in the business.

RECEIPTS.

ASPARAGUS.—Use it as soon as possible after cutting; there are several ways of cooking this, each of which is good. Discard all not brittle enough to break easily, tie it in small bunches, and boil it in very little water, slightly salted, until tender; take off the strings, put it in a covered dish, add butter to the water sufficient to make a rich gravy, and thicken it with very little flour, and pour the gravy over the asparagus; be careful to lay the heads all one way.

ASPARAGUS TOAST.—Tie the stalks in small bunches, boil them in very little salted water until tender; toast as many slices of bread as there are bunches of asparagus, butter them while hot, lay a bunch on each slice of toast, add a little butter to the water, and pour it over the whole.

THE RIDDLER.

Biographical Enigma.

I am composed of 58 letters.
My 8, 36, 5, 24, 9, 40, 41, 37, 6, was a Welsh Prince.
My 16, 31, 33, 13, 2, was a Greek poet.
My 55, 28, 10, 3, 34, 43, was also a Greek poet.
My 24, 7, 58, 50, 18, 12, 4, 20, 44, 23, was a distinguished American.
My 19, 21, 11, 24, 10, 40, 27, 42, 17, 25, 22, 41, 46, 26, 4, 50, was a celebrated navigator.
My 14, 51, 58, 15, 30, 29, 49, 56, 19, was a French Philosopher.
My 30, 53, 57, 35, 47, 54, was a distinguished French Republican.
My 32, 44, 48, 52, 5, 20, is a well known missionary in South Africa.
My 38, 1, 45, 6, 9, 11, is a general in the United States Army.
My whole was a distinguished Egyptian.

FRANK EDMONSON.
Oak Point, Iowa.

Enigma.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 7, 2, 4, 8, is often seen in wet weather.
My 1, 10, 3, 5, is an animal.
My 5, 3, 2, 9, 3, is an instrument made use of by threshers.
My 1, 6, 10, 3, is a kind of fuel.
My whole is the name of one of the states.

Factoryville, Pa. E. CLARK.

Riddle.

My first is in rich, but not in poor,
My second's in marsh, but not in moor.
My third is in home, but not in house,
My fourth is in plunge, but not in douse.
My fifth is in cab, but not in coach,
My sixth is in utter, but not in broach.
My seventh is in wilful, but not in perverse,
My eighth is in malediction, but not in curse.
A poet's name these letters combine,
Whose verse will last throughout all time.

AMICUS.

Riddle.

My 1st is in young, but not in old,
My 2nd is in winter, but not in cold;
My 3rd is in water, but not in spring,
My 4th is in merry, but not in sing;
My 5th is in bonny, but not in bright,
My 6th is in lantern, but not in light;
My 7th is in like, but not in hate,
My whole is a large and prosperous state.

NANCY.

Geometrical Problem.

Three circles, whose radii are 6, 7, and 8 feet, touch each other externally. Required—The radius of the largest circle that can be described in the space included by them.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What tree is of great use in history? Ans.—The date.

☞ Why is an omnibus not likely to be struck by lightning? Ans.—Because it has a conductor.

☞ What two fishes get most trodden on? Ans.—Soles and heels (eels.)

☞ What word in English is both sour and sweet? Ans.—Tart.

☞ What bird is like a windlass? Ans.—Crane.

☞ Why should a magistrate be very cold? Ans.—Because he represents just-ice.

Answer to Last.

TRANSFORMATION RIDDLE—Friend, (fiend, find, finn, fen, Fred. (Douglas,) red, Ind, end.)

ASPARAGUS SOUP.—Cut the asparagus in pieces a half-inch long, boil in water with a little salt, and add rich sweet cream to thicken the soup.

ASPARAGUS GREENS.—Boil the stalks with a slice of salt pork, in barely water enough to cover them, so that, when tender, there will be scarcely any left. Drain it and serve with vinegar; this is an excellent green, but it will be found too expensive, unless grown by the consumer.

A VEAL POT PIE.—Take the neck, the shank and almost any pieces you have. Boil them long enough to skim off all the blood. Make a paste and roll it about as thick as the end of your little finger. If it is to be boiled, butter the pot and lay in the crust, cutting out a piece on each side of the circle in such a way as to prevent its having thick folds in the pot. Put in a layer of meat, then flour, salt and pepper it, and add a little butter or a slice or two of salt pork, as you choose. If you use pork a very small quantity of butter will suffice. Do this until you have laid in all your meat; pour in enough of the water in which the veal was boiled to half fill the kettle, then lay on the top crust and cut a large hole in it to allow the escape of the steam. Watch that it does not burn, and pour in more of the water through the hole in the crust if necessary. Boil an hour and a half.

TO BAKE A SHAD.—Clean the fish, wash and wipe it dry. Split the fish, and fill it with dressing of bread and water seasoned with pepper and salt; bind the fish with cord or tape, rub it with salt, and put it to bake; when in the bake-pan, lay on the fish bits of butter; let it bake slowly until well done. Fish are often baked without any dressing. Shad and other fish are sometimes roasted before the fire on planks for the purpose; they are very nice, and when roasted in this manner, no stuffing is used. In dishing baked fish, be careful to leave them whole: a mangled fish looks very badly on the table.

TINCTURE OF COCULUS INDICUS (Fish-berries) or a strong decoction used as a wash will be dead shot for any kind of lice on man, beasts or fowls. Perfectly innocuous otherwise. Cannot say, and do not believe either that it would affect the eggs. H. K.

☞ To be born with a silver spoon in your mouth is lucky; but twice lucky he who can open his mouth without betraying the spoon!